STORIES OF EARLY MINNESOTA

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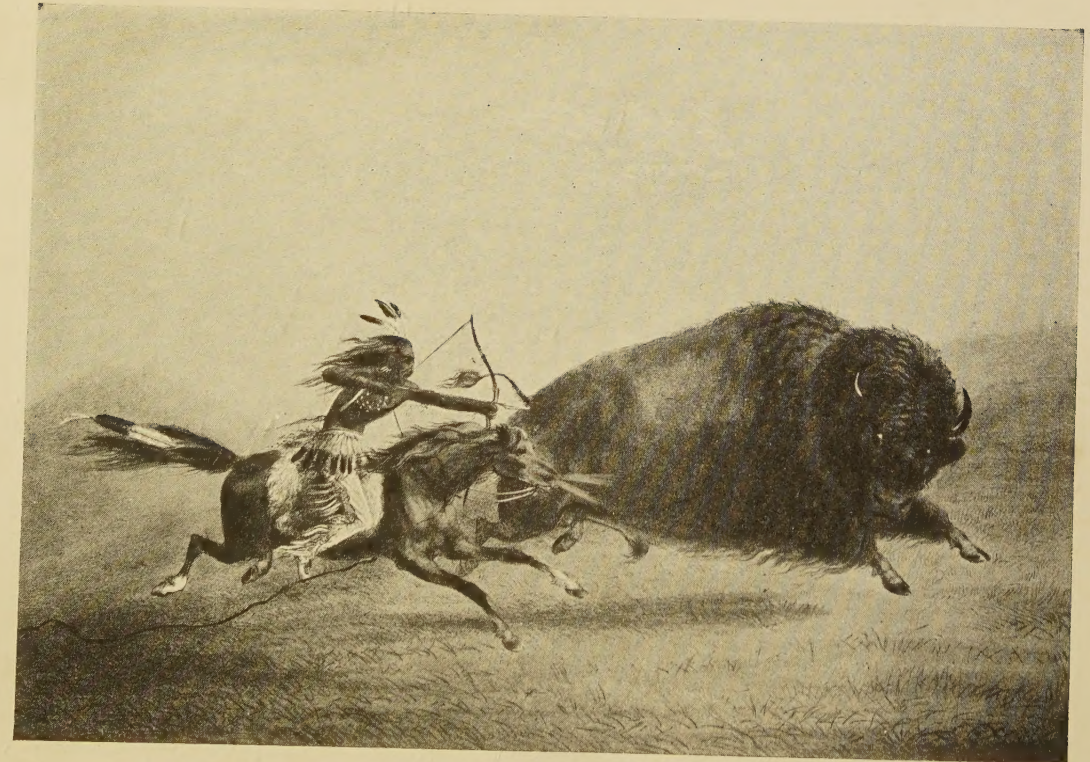

A buffalo chase.

From a painting by George Catlin

STORIES OF EARLY MINNESOTA

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To
Clara Luther Buck

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PREFACE

For Grown-ups

The stories which follow were written to interest the children of Minnesota in the history of their state, and perhaps will prove of interest to grown-ups, too. They are confined to Minnesota's early period because most children like to read about the more spectacular events and aspects of history. Though no attempt is made to give a connected historical narrative, the stories are arranged in an order roughly chronological; and it is hoped that they may prove useful for reading both in school and out of it.

For Children

Minnesota is more than some lines on a map which happen to include the place where you live. It is more than the land and water, the cities and farms, of which it is made. Minnesota is a group of people living in the same region and bound together by their present interests and by a long and romantic past. Out of that past have come the stories which you will read in this book. We enjoyed writing these stories for you, and we hope that you will enjoy reading them.

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STORIES OF EARLY MINNESOTA

STORIES OF EARLY MINNESOTA

THREE CENTURIES AGO

DID you ever shut your eyes and try to see what the land around your city or town or farmhouse looked like long ago, before any white man had ever seen it? Three hundred years ago the part of the country that was later to be our state of Minnesota was known only by the Indians and the wild animals. So far as we can tell, no pale-faced man had ever looked upon it. Of course there were no houses here, no telephone poles, no railroad tracks, not even any dirt roads. It was a beautiful region, more beautiful in many ways than it is now, though certainly much less useful to men.

If you live in any part of northern Minnesota except in the Red River valley, you are probably in a region that was once covered with great forests of pine and spruce and fir. Among the pines there were some birches, poplars, and maples, but in general this part of the state was one great evergreen forest.

There is not much of this timber left, but in parts of the Superior National Forest, northeast of Duluth, and in Itasca State Park, there are stretches of pine woods that show us what the great forest must have

been like long before our grandfathers were born. The trees were tall and grew close together so that there was always a cool dim shade under them, and a thick carpet of pine needles and moss. Here and there were the

Courtesy of Minnesota Forest Service

There were many pine trees like these in the big forests three hundred years ago.

wintergreen and bittersweet and other plants that like to grow where the pines do.

There were natural openings in the forest, too — sunny glades where the blueberries grew, and the partridges whirred about, and whole families of black

bears sometimes came to sun themselves and feed on the berries. There were many other animals besides bears in the woods, and more of all sorts than there are now. The Indians hunted only enough for

Photograph from Wide World Photos

This is a moose wading along in a marsh not far from water. He is looking for mosses and other green things that he likes to eat. Moose are the largest of the American forest animals. This fellow is at least five feet tall, measured to the high place on his shoulder.

their own use. Before they had guns and steel traps they could not kill the wild beasts very easily. The forests were so immense and there were so many hiding places in them that the animals had a chance to escape and hide where not even good hunters like the Indians could find them.

PINE AND SPRUCE AND FIR TREES GREW HERE
Red River
St. Louis River
Duluth
Lake Superior
Mille Lacs
Fergus Falls
Alexandria
MINNESOTA
Mississippi River
Taylor's Falls
St. Croix River
Minneapolis
St. Paul
Minnesota River
OAK AND ELM TREES GREW HERE
Mankato
PRAIRIE GRASS GREW HERE

By looking on the opposite page you can see where the pines used to grow. If you live just west or south of the pine forests you are probably on land that once was also covered with forests. These were of oak, elm, maple, birch, poplar, ironwood, basswood, and other such trees, which lose their leaves in winter and are brown and bare while the pines are still green. These forests of hardwoods extended as far north as the middle of Mahnomen County, but in that part they were only about ten miles wide. In the district around Alexandria and Fergus Falls they were about fifty miles wide. Farther to the southeast they stretched out on both sides of the Mississippi, covering the region from Little Falls to Hastings and extending south as far as Faribault and Mankato.

If you live south or west of the line of the hardwood forests you are on land that for thousands of years has been prairie, without trees except along the lakes and rivers and streams. The prairie also was beautiful to look at in those days. There were miles and miles of it with little dips and rises covered with tall coarse grass that rippled in the wind. It was swampy in places where the marsh hay grew, and it was bright with many flowers in the summer and fall. There were not so many kinds of wild animals on the prairie as in the woods; but there were great herds of buffalo and antelope, which fed on the prairie grass and were hunted

by the Indians. You will find pictures of these animals in the frontispiece and on page 130.

This, then, was Minnesota before the white man came. It was a land certain to attract the white man when he knew of it. First came the explorer, who was also a fur trader. He was hunting for new land for his nation, for new opportunities of trade for his people. Then came the man who was a fur trader only. He was attracted by the game in the forests and came to buy skins of animals from the Indians.

After the height of the fur trade was over, when many of the wild animals had been killed off or driven away, the lumberman came. He wanted not the dwellers in the forests but the forests themselves. And so, steadily and surely, the big trees were cut down. The logs were floated down the St. Croix and the Mississippi and the St. Louis rivers. They were used to build the white men's houses in Minnesota and in the country to the east; they were made into telegraph poles, railroad ties, masts for ships, and all the thousand things that the white man needed.

And after the lumberman had arrived, there came the settler, who meant to make a living not from furs or timber but from the land itself. The farmers settled at first in the hardwood forests between the St. Croix and the Mississippi, and then in the wooded belt along the rivers in the southern part of the state. Later they

ventured out on the open prairie, planted groves of cottonwood trees that would grow up quickly and shield their houses from the wind, and found that the prairie soil would grow better crops than any other kind. And now the wheat waves in the wind where the prairie grass used to ripple, corn tassels nod where once were prairie roses, and herds of cows have taken the place of the buffaloes.

The stories that follow are about things that happened during this time when the explorer, the fur trader, the lumberman, and the farmer were changing the region of Minnesota from a wilderness to a home for civilized men.

THE SIOUX INDIANS

ALMOST all the wilderness described in the story before this was the home of the Sioux or Dakota Indians three hundred years ago. It was an ideal place for them, in summer at least. The woods and streams and lakes of our state, which make it a vacation land for campers now, were equally pleasant for the Indians then. They lived usually on a stream or lake shore in the woods, but often they went on hunting trips away from their villages.

The Indians traveled either by canoe or on foot. In the forested areas, they preferred to use their canoes. In them they went about through the many streams and lakes that form a network of waterways over the northern half of the state. The streams were deeper and wider then than they are now. The woods around them shaded them so that they did not dry out, and the forest soil did not take so much moisture away from them as the plowed fields do now.

Between different streams and lakes and around waterfalls, there were often trails, later called by the French *portages*, which meant "carrying-places." Here the Indians had to lift their canoes out of the water and

carry them along the trail until they came again to water where they could launch their boats. These portages were very narrow paths, about the width of a canoe, and were kept clear of trees and brush by the trampling of many feet, just as nowadays a cow path is kept free of bushes. But the water was the Indian's road, and he took to the land only when he had to. The water was more than a highway for the Indian, too. Its fish were his surest food, the wild rice that grew in shallow places was gathered and cooked by his squaws, and the ducks that nested and fed in the rice swamps also made many good dinners for him.

Though the Indians

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

A Sioux Indian. His costume is made mostly of leather. The spear has a stone tip. At his throat is a polished shell strung on a strip of leather.

sometimes seem to us to have led a rather aimless sort of life, they had regular times to do different things, just as the modern farmer has. The farmer usually has less work to do in winter than in summer; with the Indian it was just the other way. In the fall his squaws worked busily gathering the wild rice, and sometimes digging wild turnip roots and storing them away to use the next spring. Then all the family began to make ready for the winter hunting. Weapons and clothing were put in good order, and finally the Indians all left the village where they had spent the summer and went out in smaller groups to hunt.

The hunting was done in winter chiefly because the animals have better furs then. In the late summer they shed their old fur and grow a thick new coat to help them keep out the cold. Perhaps also the Indians liked to hunt in winter because they could follow tracks easily in the snow, and when the snow was very deep the Indians on their snowshoes could move about more quickly than the animals could.

While an Indian was on a hunt he lived in a tepee made of buffalo skins stretched on poles and looking much like a very large ice-cream cone turned upside down. His squaws did all the hard work in camp. Of course he himself worked hard and often suffered from the cold when he was hunting; but after he had killed the animals his job was over. He went back to his

tepee, which his squaw had set up wherever he had told her to. She pulled off his wet leggings and moccasins and put on dry ones, and she had a good hot dinner all ready for him, which she had cooked over an open fire in the middle of the tepee. It was the squaw's business to bring home the animals he had killed, to skin them, and to prepare their flesh if it was to be eaten.

Courtesy of Museum of the American Indian

This is a doll that a little Sioux girl used to play with. It hasn't any nose, but she loved it just the same.

After the winter hunt the Indians went back to their villages. When the sap began to run in the maple trees the squaws made sugar. This was an important part of the Indians' food. They used birch-bark pails to catch the sap as it ran from the trees, and they boiled it down in kettles made of clay. Later on, when the traders came to this region, the Indians got iron kettles from them. They liked these better because they would not break so easily as clay pots.

After the sugar was made, the hard work of the year was over. Some of the Sioux bands raised corn, but many did not even do so much farming as that. Of course when they did plant corn they did not plow the ground. They just scratched up the surface with a stick and dropped the seed in. All such work as this was done by the women.

The summer was the season of war and feasting and making love. All the Indians had a good time then. They forgot the cold and hardships of the winter; they had plenty to eat in summer as a rule; and if the men grew tired of doing nothing they could always get up a party to go into some enemy's country and take scalps. Altogether at this time when the Sioux were masters of the country they led a contented life — suffering sometimes in the winter, but making up for it in summer with their favorite pleasures.

THE STORY OF WHITE OTTER — A LEGEND

THIS is a story of something that happened among the Sioux Indians long ago — before any white men had come into the country. William J. Snelling, a son of the colonel for whom Fort Snelling was named, was the first white man to tell the story. He says that he heard it from the Yankton band of the Sioux and that it was a tale which had been handed down from father to son in the tribe for nobody knows how long. Practically all Indian stories were preserved in this way, since the Indians could not read and write.

Payton Skah, or White Otter, was a great warrior in the Yankton band. He fell in love with a beautiful girl named Tahtoka, or Antelope. According to the Indian custom, he courted her in the following way. In the middle of the night he went to the wigwam where she slept with her parents and, entering it, lit a splinter of wood. This he held before her face, and then he woke her up.

That was an anxious moment for him. If Antelope did not want to become his wife, she would pay no attention to the flame but would let it burn. Then he would

have to go away sad. But Antelope, who loved him with all her heart, blew out the flame. This meant that she would listen to his suit. He sat beside her and asked her to be his wife.

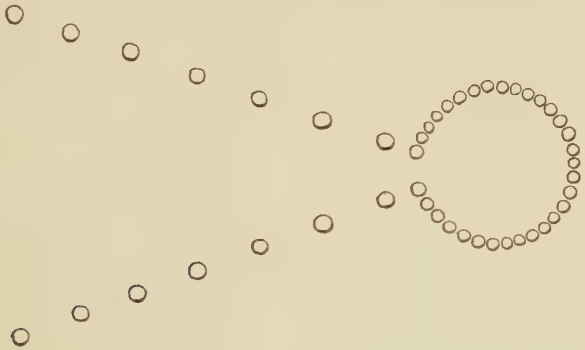
In the morning he sent many presents to her parents to persuade them to take him for a son-in-law. This also was the usual Indian custom. A brave would give a horse or six or eight blankets in exchange for a wife. Yet this was not really buying his wife, because a girl was seldom forced to marry anyone she did not want. White Otter probably gave very splendid gifts for Antelope, for she was an unusually attractive girl.

In the course of time a son was born to them. This made them all very happy, particularly White Otter's mother, who was like grandmothers all over the world and was very fond of her little grandson.

When the little boy was a year old, White Otter and another warrior planned to take their families to the Des Moines River, on a hunting trip. Game was scarce where they were, and they were hungry. But White Otter's mother had cut her foot and could not go with them. She insisted on keeping the little boy with her; so White Otter and Antelope set out with the others, leaving their son and their mother behind.

They soon reached the river and killed many buffaloes. The men killed the animals by riding toward them and shooting them with arrows, as in the picture in

the front of this book. If there had been more men they might have driven the herd over a bluff and thus have killed many more. Or they might have put up two lines of stakes on the prairie, like this,



with a piece of sod on each stake. Then they would have chased the buffaloes in at the wide end of their corral, and the animals would have run down and out through the narrow end into a pen where they could have been slaughtered. But both these methods required more than two men to work them.

After the buffaloes were killed, the women skinned them and cut them up. Some of the meat was eaten fresh, especially the tongue and the hump. The rest was cut in thin strips and dried in the sun.

Soon Antelope reminded her husband that the grandmother's foot must be well by then, and she asked him to go back for the old woman and the little boy. So

he left to tell the rest of his band to move their camp out to the river where the hunting was good.

But when he came back to the river to find his wife, the little encampment had been wiped out by the Mandan Indians, who lived on the Missouri River. The

From a painting by George Catlin. Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

A Mandan village. The huts or lodges were made of timbers covered with a hard tough clay that was almost as good as cement. Beyond the fence is the Indian graveyard, where the bodies of the dead rest on scaffolds in the air.

buffalo skins that had covered the tents were cut up in little pieces, and blood leading to the river showed where the bodies of the slain had been thrown in.

Lower down the river the Indians found the corpses of all but Antelope. But her husband did not believe

that she had escaped. He knew that it was the custom in Indian warfare to kill women and children as well as men.

White Otter now resolved not to cut his hair until he had killed five Mandans. In the course of a year he fulfilled his vow, but this did not make him happy. He still mourned for Antelope. Luck seemed to turn against him. Even on his hunts he was no longer successful. Finally he decided that the Great Spirit was for some reason angry at him, and that he might as well die.

Against the protests of his friends, he started for the Mandan village, to throw away his life. He entered the village at night and walked to the biggest lodge. Inside there were only women, who supposed him to be a Mandan. From them he learned that all the men and many of the women were away on a buffalo hunt and would be back in the morning. White Otter could have killed all the women and children in the camp then, but he sat still in the lodge waiting for morning, when he would die by the hands of his enemies.

Late that night the chief who owned the lodge came home. Seeing his strange guest, he asked him who and what he was.

Then White Otter rose and bared his breast and spoke: "I am a man. Of that, Mandan, be assured. Nay, more: I am a Dakota, and my name is Payton

From a painting by Carl Bodmer. Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

The inside of a Mandan lodge. How many things can you find here that the men used in hunting? How many that the women used in housekeeping?

Skah. You have heard it before. I have lost friends and kin by the arrows of your people, and well have I revenged them. See, on my head I wear ten feathers of the war eagle.* Now it is the will of the Master of Life that I should die, and to that purpose came I hither. Strike, therefore, and rid your tribe of the greatest enemy it ever had."

Now the Indians admire courage more than any other quality a man may have. The Mandan brave raised his war club as if to kill White Otter, but the Sioux stood so calm and fearless that his enemy dropped the club. He laid bare his own breast and said: "No, I will not kill so brave a man. But I will prove that my people are men also. I will not be outdone in generosity. Strike thou; then take my horse and fly."

But White Otter would not do this. So the admiration they felt for each other made the two become friends, and they sat down and smoked and ate together. The Mandan said that he spoke the Sioux language because both his mother and one of his wives were Sioux women who had been captured at different times by the Mandans.

When the rest of the band arrived in the morning, they made a rush for the lodge, intending to kill White Otter. It was only the Mandan's threat to kill the first that came inside that saved the prisoner's life.

*An Indian brave wore an eagle feather for each man that he had killed.

Then the Indians had White Otter brought before the council to decide what to do with him. The Mandan to whose lodge he had come told of his behavior the night before, and the council, too, admired his bravery. They decided that he should be allowed to go free.

From a painting by Carl Bodmer. Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

A Mandan chief. This chief is wearing his best costume. He puts it on only for great occasions such as councils and other important meetings. The big tuft of hair hanging from the handle of the spear is a scalp, with its edges stretched over a hoop and painted in stripes.

At this moment a woman rushed through the circle of warriors and threw herself into White Otter's arms. It was Antelope, his lost wife. She had been taken prisoner and later had been made the wife of White Otter's Mandan friend. When the generous host

heard of this he immediately gave up his claims to Antelope.

So the husband and wife, reunited and happy, left the village of their former enemies, with three horses loaded with gifts presented by them. Soon afterward, White Otter and six Sioux paid a visit of friendship to the Mandans, and, when they went back to their homes, seven Mandans went with them. In this way, as visiting increased between the tribes, their hostile feelings died away, and lasting peace was brought about.

RADISSON AND GROSSEILLIERS

THE first men to explore the land that was to become Minnesota were Frenchmen. This was because the French held the St. Lawrence River, the gateway to the West. The English settlements on the eastern coast of what is now the United States were a long way from Minnesota. First there were the mountains that run through western Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and down into Georgia. Then beyond the mountains there were miles and miles of trackless wilderness to cross before a man could reach Minnesota by land. But from the French settlements of Quebec and Montreal on the St. Lawrence there was a water route by way of the Great Lakes all the way to Minnesota.

Early in the seventeenth century (that means in the sixteen-hundreds) the French began to explore the Great Lakes. Within fifty years they had discovered all five of these lakes and had heard from the Indians about a great river to the west — the Mississippi. Some of these men may have reached the land that is now Minnesota, but we have no record of it. So far as we know, the first men to come to this region were

two other Frenchmen, Radisson and his brother-in-law Grosseilliers (pronounced *Groze-ay-yay'*). We know about them because we have the story that Radisson wrote about their adventures. In 1656 these two men made a trip to the west from Canada. We do not know for sure whether or not they reached Minnesota on this first trip. Some people think that they did, and that they spent the winter on Prairie Island, in the Mississippi River near Red Wing.

From a drawing by A. Anderson. Courtesy of Hubbard Milling Co.

An Indian boy hunting. Nothing made an Indian boy prouder than to be a good hunter and marksman.

Three years afterwards, in 1659, the brothers left Quebec on a second voyage of trade and discovery in the West. Coasting along the south shore of Lake Superior, they landed in Wisconsin in the fall of the year. The Huron Indians who were with them guided them through the forests to their village. Here a council of welcome was held, and the Frenchmen gave gifts to the Indians to win their friendship. After the first snow, the Indians split up into little groups of two or three families who went out in different places in the woods to live by hunting

game. If they had all stayed together they would not have found enough food in any one region to feed them all.

About ten weeks later they met again near a small lake in the Sioux country that some people think is Knife Lake, near Mora, Minnesota. Here they almost starved to death. The snow was so deep and at the same time so light and powdery that even with snowshoes six feet long they sank into the drifts. So they could not go into the forests to hunt. For the first two weeks of the famine the poor people had to eat their dogs. This was not so hard for the Indians, because they used to eat dogs even when they had other meat; but Radisson and his brother did not enjoy it. After that they had to eat the skins of animals that they had saved to use for shoes and clothing. At last they had nothing except a sort of soup that they made by grinding up the pith of the bittersweet vine and cooking it in water. About five hundred Indians died of hunger in that camp.

One day two strangers — Sioux Indians — came into camp with a dog. Radisson tried to buy the dog from them, but they would not sell him. They loved him too much. At night Radisson and Grosseilliers and the Indian family with whom they lived felt very hungry. So Radisson stole out to the lodge of the strangers. He did not dare to take the dog by force,

because the men were Sioux and, as he says, he was "upon their land with their leave." So he waited around until the dog happened to come out. Then he coaxed the poor beast away from his masters' tent and killed him. He took the animal home to the hungry family, who cooked and ate it. They even sent some one back to scoop up the snow on which the dog's blood had dripped, so that they could make soup of it.

Stealing and killing a dog was certainly not a good deed for Radisson to do. It shows, however, what men will do for the sake of food if they are starving.

Soon came a wind and rainstorm, which packed the snow down and made hunting easy. Everyone had plenty to eat then.

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

A Sioux Indian dancer. The Sioux were very fond of dancing and had special dances with special costumes for almost every occasion.

In the spring they all went to a meeting place with the Sioux Indians. We do not know just where this place was. Some people think it was between Knife Lake and Knife River, about seven miles north of the present town of Mora. Others think it was about two miles south of Mora, on a little hill opposite the place where Ann River flows into Snake River. Here they had feasting and dancing, and Radisson gave gifts of hatchets and knives and trinkets to the Indians, to gain their good will for France.

DULUTH ARRIVES

IN the year 1673 two Frenchmen, Joliet and Marquette, discovered the Mississippi River at the point where the Wisconsin River flows into it. For a whole month they floated down the stream until they were convinced that it must empty into the Gulf of Mexico. Then they turned back and paddled up the stream as far as the Illinois River, by way of which they reached Lake Michigan.

The explorations of these two men made the French eager to know more about the great river and about the region of Minnesota, because they were sure that the river must rise somewhere in that country. Some merchants of Quebec and Montreal formed a company to trade with the Indians. They sent out a party for trade and exploration, headed by a man who has left his mark on Minnesota — the explorer Duluth. In the early summer of 1679 he reached Fond du Lac, which means "the end of the lake." This was the name given to the place where the St. Louis River empties into Lake Superior and where the city of Duluth has since been built.

It was a wild and beautiful land that the explorer saw before him. High bluffs stretched along the lake shore to the north farther than eye could see — pine covered for the most part, with great jagged patches of reddish-

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

The St. Louis River above the falls. You can see why this part of the river could not be used for travel.

brown rock on them where the bones of the hills stuck out through their coverings. The St. Louis River widened out in a lazy bay at the foot of these bluffs, with marsh flats and low hills on the other side. Farther up, the banks of the river were high on both sides,

making a gorge down which the stream rushed headlong. It swirled and foamed over the great rocks that lay strewn in its path, it tossed up on its margin driftwood and uprooted trees that had been carried down in spring floods, and it hurried on to empty itself in the bay.

If you go to the gorge of the St. Louis River now, you will not see such a stream as Duluth saw. The water in it has decreased, because much of the forest that surrounded it has been cut down and the river itself has been dammed to make electric power. But if you go to the Jay Cooke State Park, for instance, and stand on the bank of the river looking over to the Wisconsin side, you will see a wide space on each side of the present stream where there is neither soil nor trees — nothing but naked tumbled rocks that were once in the bed of the stream and that show how wide the river used to be.

From Fond du Lac, Duluth and his seven men went inland, whether by canoe or on foot we do not know. Whichever way they went, their journey must have been long and tedious. In the Minnesota wilderness on the hot summer days and cool summer nights, clouds of flies and mosquitoes must have made themselves as unpleasant as they do now in the northern woods. At last, however, early in July, Duluth came to a large Sioux village on the southwest shore of Mille Lacs,

where he took possession of the country in the name of the king of France.

He visited two other Indian villages and in these places also he planted his banner with the arms of the king of France on it. After that he returned to Lake Superior and built a post on Thunder Bay, about where Fort William is now. Here he spent the winter. He had made up his mind that in the following summer he would again explore the wilderness and try to come to the great Mississippi. You will meet him again in another story.

HENNEPIN DISCOVERS ST. ANTHONY FALLS

IN the year after Duluth had made his trip to Mille Lacs, three other Frenchmen came to Minnesota. They were Michel Accault, the leader of the party, and his two companions, Picard du Gay and Father Louis Hennepin. We know about this trip from an account that Hennepin wrote, which was translated from the French into several other languages and which was very popular.

La Salle, the great French explorer and commander in the region to the south and east of Minnesota, was at this time in the Illinois country. From a fort on the Illinois River he sent the three discoverers on a voyage down the Illinois to the Mississippi and up the Mississippi.

About the middle of April the three were captured on the Mississippi by a party of Sioux Indians who were hunting for their enemies, the Miami. The Frenchmen could not speak the Sioux language, and the Indians could not speak French. But Hennepin showed them by signs that the Miami had gone across the

Mississippi and were now out of reach. The Indians then decided to go home and to take the three Frenchmen with them.

This was an anxious time for the prisoners. The Indians had not yet decided whether to spare their lives or not. Some wanted to kill them and take their goods — though they had already given large presents to the Indians. Others wanted French traders to come up the river to them, and they said that it would be foolish to kill these Frenchmen, because then no more would come. Finally, to Hennepin's great relief, they smoked the peace pipe with him.

From a drawing by A. Anderson. Courtesy of Hubbard Milling Co.

When an Indian wished to show friendliness to some one, he sat down and smoked a pipe with him.

But even then he was not out of danger. As soon as the pipe had been smoked he opened his prayer book and began in a low voice to say his morning prayers. This upset the Indians. They thought that he was saying some magic charm that would kill them all. They gathered around him and said that the book was an evil spirit and he must not talk to it. He persisted,

however, until Accault and Picard were very much afraid they would all be killed.

Finally Hennepin hit on a scheme that calmed the Indians. He began to sing the prayers instead of muttering them — and he sang them so loud and so cheerfully that the warriors were pleased. They now thought that the book was a good spirit that taught Hennepin these songs to amuse them.

The Indians then started for their homes, which were near that same Mille Lacs where Duluth had been the year before. They paddled up the Mississippi for nineteen days until they reached the site of St. Paul. Then they stopped, probably at the mouth of Phalen Creek, broke the Frenchmen's canoe to pieces, hid their own canoes in the bushes, and marched overland to Mille Lacs.

They came at last to a large Indian village. The dwellings here were bark lodges. All the Sioux had tepees, but some of the bands built these other huts in their villages. The sides were made of posts, and the roof was formed by poles going up to a ridge in the center. Over this framework was laid elm bark, probably in somewhat the same way as we put clapboards and shingles on our houses.

At this village the travelers, tired out with hunger and walking, were put in a hut to rest and were fed wild rice boiled with dried blueberries. Outside, the Indians

From a painting by Henry Lewis

A Sioux village with bark lodges.

were dividing the white men's goods among themselves and squabbling about who should own the prisoners. They finally settled it, and Hennepin was given to an old chief named Aquipaguetin. This frightened the priest, for the chief had previously been angry with him. One of his sons had been killed by the Miami, and he was angry that Hennepin had turned back the war party and prevented his revenge. Now, however, when Hennepin was given to him as a prisoner, he adopted him in place of the son he had lost.

The three Frenchmen were thus separated. Hennepin, weary as he was, had to walk three more miles to the edge of a lake — perhaps Mille Lacs and perhaps Onamia. Here the party was met by Aquipaguetin's five wives, who paddled them in canoes to the place where their village was.

Hennepin was treated fairly well at this village. When he arrived, tired and faint, he was laid down on a bearskin by the fire in the chief's lodge. A small boy came and rubbed his legs with the fat of a wildcat. This was the Indians' usual cure for lameness and fatigue, because the wildcat was so active that they thought his fat would make people more active, too.

They also made for Hennepin one of their sweating-baths, with which they treated him three times a week. This they did by building a small hut and covering it over tightly with buffalo hides. Then they laid the

sick man inside and put a pile of red hot stones in the middle of the tent. Over these they poured water, which soon made the place as steamy as a Turkish bath. Hennepin thought that this treatment made him feel much better. But all the time that he was there he never had enough to eat.

Finally, early in July, the Indians started off for a buffalo hunt on the prairies to the south. They went down the Rum River to the Mississippi and camped together on the bank of the river opposite the mouth of the Rum. Here Hennepin and Picard left the party of Indians. They had permission to go down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Wisconsin, to see if La Salle had sent up any traders. Accault, who liked the wild roving life, stayed with the Indians.

A stone arrowhead. See how it is tied on to the shaft with a strip of leather.

So the other two started down the river. Some days later — we do not know the exact date — they came to a beautiful waterfall. As they looked upon the rushing waters they must have felt a thrill to think that they were the first white men to see them. In gratitude that they had come through so many dangers safely, Hennepin named the cataract in honor of his patron saint, Anthony of Padua — and called it the Falls of St. Anthony. It is because of this discovery that the county in which the falls and the city of Minneapolis are situated is called Hennepin County.

THE LEGEND OF ST. ANTHONY FALLS *

WHEN Hennepin first saw St. Anthony Falls they looked quite different from what they do now. The falls were steeper then, and farther down the river than at present. Thousands of years before Hennepin came, the falls were about where Fort Snelling is now, and they have slowly moved back to their present location through the wearing away of the rocks over which they fell. The deep gorge between the falls and the fort is all the work of the waterfalls. When Hennepin came, the little island about forty feet broad, which is now some distance in front of the falls, was right on the edge. But the soft limestone and sandstone of the river have gradually worn away, so that the falls are now some distance upstream from the island.

About seventy years ago the rocks behind the falls were covered with great dykes; so the water now runs over the dykes instead of the rocks and does not wear the river bed away. The falls now look more like

* Perhaps a class trip to see the falls may be feasible. They are best viewed from the new Third Avenue bridge in Minneapolis.

water sliding over a dam than like a natural waterfall. But when Hennepin saw them they were still in their wild state, with the water swirling and roaring over the rocks, and with tall trees crowning the bluffs above.

There is an Indian legend connected with these falls, a story that may have been old even when Hennepin

The Falls of St. Anthony. This is a copy of the first picture that was ever made of these falls. See the little island right on the edge.

first saw them. The Indians told it to many white men who came later to see the falls; so we have many accounts of it.

Once upon a time, the story begins, an Indian warrior was married to a young and beautiful wife. He was a valiant fighter and a good hunter, so that he was admired by all the men in the tribe. In fact, he became

vain because of their admiration, and he began to think that he was a very great person indeed.

At length some of his friends suggested that he take another wife. She was a relative of theirs, and they wanted by the marriage to become related to him. They told him that he was a great man and would probably soon be a chief. They said that even now he needed more than one wife to wait on his guests and do his work. So he married secretly the woman they had chosen.

Now it was not at all strange for an Indian to have more than one wife. In most savage races this is a common thing. The men are exposed to so much hardship and danger that many of them die, and there are never enough to go around. Since the women cannot have one man apiece, they usually are willing to share with the others — that is, several of them have one man for a husband. The chief Aquipaguetin, you remember, who adopted Hennepin, had five wives. To have many wives was the mark of being a successful man.

But the first wife of the Indian in this story did not want him to take another wife. She loved him too much to be willing to share him. She told him she would gladly cook meals for all his visitors and do all his work alone. He assured her that he would always love her better than his other wife, but she did not want

him to have another, even then. Finally he told her outright that he had already married the other woman and that she might as well make the best of it.

But she could not bear it. She took her two children and went to her father's lodge to live. That winter she went with her family on their usual hunting expedition up the Mississippi. In the spring they all came down the river and landed above the Falls of St. Anthony.

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

A Sioux woman.

Then the unhappy wife took her children and put them in her canoe, got in herself, and paddled out into the current of the river. She turned the canoe downstream, and began to sing her death song. She sang of her happy married life before her husband had taken another woman to his lodge. She sang of her

grief and her sad life afterwards. Life to her was not worth living any more. Her friends on the bank begged her to turn the canoe to shore before it was too late. Her father and mother ran along the shore entreating her to come back. But she paid no attention to them. Still singing her mournful song, she plunged over the falls.

Nothing was ever seen of her or her children again. But the Indians thought that at times near the falls they could hear above the roar of the water the mournful cries of the unhappy wife.

DULUTH MEETS HENNEPIN

AFTER Hennepin and Picard had carried their canoe around the falls and rapids, they went on down the river, suffering much from hunger and more from fear of hostile Indians. They finally met Accault and one of the bands from Mille Lacs who were hunting buffaloes, and went with them, both for food and for protection. Hennepin says that he had to doctor the sick old men and cut the children's hair in order to get a bit of food.

The party went a long distance south along the Mississippi, and then they started back for the villages on Mille Lacs. As they were going up the river they heard that some "spirits" — as the Indians called the white men — were coming down toward them. Hennepin and his companions of course wanted to know who these men might be.

They had not long to wait, for soon there arrived in camp our old friend Duluth, with some of his followers. We left Duluth, you remember, at his fort on Lake Superior, where he spent the winter after his first visit to Mille Lacs. In June of the year 1680, while Hennepin was still living at the village of Aquipaguetin near

Mille Lacs, Duluth set out with four men in two canoes to make further discoveries in the Sioux country. From Lake Superior they went up the Bois Brulé River in Wisconsin; then they portaged over to the headwaters of the St. Croix River and went down the St. Croix to

From a sketch by George Catlin. Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

A buffalo dance. When the Indians went hunting buffaloes, they did this dance as a charm to make the buffaloes come. The Indian at the right is tired and wants to stop dancing, so he is stooping and another Indian is pretending to shoot him. Then the tired one will roll over and pretend to be dead, and a new dancer from outside the circle will take his place.

the Mississippi. Here Duluth heard from some Sioux Indians that there were three white captives with the Sioux hunting expedition. Taking with him two Frenchmen and an Indian interpreter, he paddled down the Mississippi two days and two nights until finally he reached the band and discovered Father Hennepin

From a painting by Henry Lewis

This is a council of Sioux Indians but not the one that Duluth held. The Sioux at Mille Lacs did not have horses then.

Duluth was angry at the Indians because they had treated Hennepin so roughly. Not at all afraid of the Indians, though there were a thousand of them against six white men, he told them that he was angry at their actions. He said that the Reverend Father was his elder brother, and he had Hennepin put in his canoe to travel with him. After that Hennepin could get food without having to turn doctor or barber.

They all went back then, Indians and whites, to the village near Mille Lacs. Here Duluth had a council assembled, in which he again spoke his mind to the Indians. He returned to them two peace pipes which they had given him, because, he said, he would not take peace presents from people who had acted as they had. He reminded them how, a year before that, they had received presents from him and had promised to remain friendly to the French. "And after that," he said, "you rob the first Frenchmen who come to visit you!"

Then all the Indians in the council began to excuse themselves, and each one blamed the others for what had happened. Duluth, however, refused to remain with them any longer. He told them that he would take Father Hennepin away to the country of the Fox Indians, who lived in what is now Wisconsin. This he did. He explained to the priest that they must leave the Sioux and thus show their anger at the treatment given the Frenchmen. If they did not do this, the

Indians might treat the next explorers in the same way. Before he met Hennepin, Duluth had been planning to try to find the sea that lay to the west and of which the Indians had told him. But he gave up this plan in order to get Hennepin away safely.

So they left the Sioux country, but they promised they would come back to trade later. They made their way east to the French post at Mackinac on the strait between Lake Michigan and Lake Huron, and there they spent the winter.

THE FIRST INDIAN MISSION

ALMOST fifty years after Hennepin left the Sioux country another French priest came up the Mississippi with some soldiers. This man was Father Louis Guignas. (His name is not hard to pronounce. First you say a *g* as if you were going to say *give*, and then you say *een-yah: Geen-yah'*.) The commander of the soldiers was the Sieur de la Perriere (pronounced *Perry-air'*).

The soldiers were going up to found a French post on Lake Pepin. There were traders with them who wanted to get furs from the Sioux and who needed the soldiers' protection. And Father Guignas and another priest went along to try to Christianize the Sioux and to be of help to the soldiers and fur traders.

They landed on a low point that juts out into Lake Pepin, near the present village of Frontenac. There they cut down trees and built a fort with logs twelve feet high, which they stood on end to make a wall. There were three log buildings inside the wall — a house for La Perriere, one for the priests, and a storehouse.

They named the fort Beauharnois (*Bo-arn-wah'*) after the governor of Canada.

Soon after they arrived it was Beauharnois' birthday, and they celebrated it with a mass in the morning.

From a painting by George Catlin. Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

A little Sioux village. In the front of this picture are two women scraping a deerskin to make it soft for clothing. The things hanging on the sticks by the tepees are strips of meat drying in the sun. Look at the tepees themselves. The hole at the top of each is to let out the smoke from the fire inside. The tepee at the left of the picture has been decorated by its owner with a picture of a buffalo hunt.

They were going to have fireworks at night, but the weather spoiled that plan. Ten days later they had the fireworks. These were the first that the Sioux Indians had seen, and when the rockets burst in the air

the Indians thought that the stars were falling from the sky. Some of them ran away, and the rest begged the Frenchmen to stop that "terrible medicine."

The French must have been glad to show the Indians their power, for they were only a handful of white men surrounded by Indians. Below them on the Mississippi were the Fox Indians, who were angry that the French had gone up to the Sioux. They wanted to have all the trade themselves. They did not dare attack the soldiers, but when traders went up the river to the Sioux country they always tried to stop them and take their goods.

The Foxes, in fact, made themselves so unpleasant that just a year after Fort Beauharnois had been begun, the soldiers and Father Guignas left. The other priest had left still earlier. A few fur traders stayed on, but the mission and fort were given up.

Three years later the soldiers came back, and the faithful Father Guignas was with them. They had found that the place where they first built the fort might be flooded in high water, and so they rebuilt it on higher ground, farther back from the lake.

But they still had trouble with the Foxes, and the Sioux themselves became hostile. Five years after the post had been rebuilt, a war party of Sioux went down the river past the fort and scalped two Frenchmen who were coming up to it. That same year

also they burned the fence around Father Guignas' garden.

Finally, in the spring of the next year (1727) the soldiers and Father Guignas decided to leave the post. They burned it up so that the Indians could not use it, and then they went down the Mississippi. They did not come back again.

From a drawing by A. Anderson. Courtesy of Hubbard Milling Co.

First explorers. This shows some Indians greeting two Frenchmen. One is a trader; the other is a priest.

The Mission of St. Michael the Archangel, as Father Guignas called it, lasted only seven years in all. The French government did not care about a post so far north on the Mississippi and did not send enough soldiers to protect it. But it is interesting to know that it was the very first Christian mission in what is now Minnesota. People think that the Ursuline

Convent and Academy of Villa Maria at Frontenac stands on the high ground where the second Fort Beauharnois stood, and the nuns call their chapel the Chapel of St. Michael the Archangel, in memory of the first mission in the Minnesota wilderness.

THE BATTLE OF SANDY LAKE

THE Sioux Indians, whom Radisson, Duluth, and Hennepin had found in the region of Minnesota, were not to hold all this land for long. Early in the eighteenth century — about two hundred years ago — there appeared around the western end of Lake Superior another tribe of Indians, the Chippewa or Ojibway. They had first lived on the St. Lawrence River but had been driven west by the fierce Iroquois.

Then they lived in the region around Sault Ste. Marie for about fifty years. Here they traded with white men and learned to use guns. This gave them an advantage over the Sioux and other tribes to the west of them, who had only bows and arrows. The Chippewa with their better weapons were able to push on westward and drive the other Indians out.

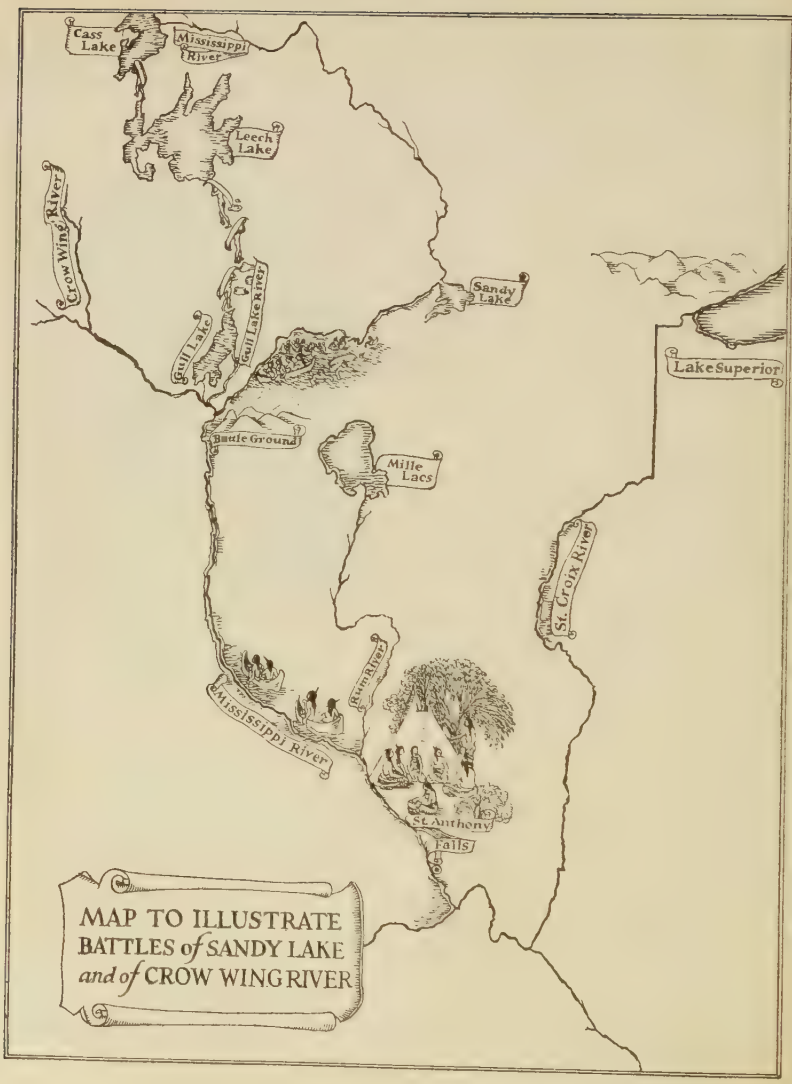
The Chippewa did not stop their westward march at the end of Lake Superior. They wanted all the hunting grounds of the Minnesota Sioux that lay before them — woods and lakes that stretched two hundred miles to the west of them and farther than that to the north and south. The Sioux fought the invaders bravely, but their flint-tipped arrows and stone knives

could do little against steel knives and muskets. The Chippewa soon had villages on Sandy Lake, Leech Lake, and Red Lake, and gradually they pushed the Sioux farther and farther south.

Indian wars were of course not much like the wars of white men. There was seldom a regular battle; usually there were just raids, now on one side and now on the other. What Indian warriors tried to do was to dash into their enemy's country, strike a sudden blow on some unsuspecting village or hunting party, and take as many scalps as they could. Then they would hurry back to their own country in order to escape from the enemy. In the fifty years of warfare before the Chippewa got control of the vast Sioux hunting grounds east and north of the Mississippi, there were perhaps five or six real battles. One

Courtesy of Museum of the American Indian

A Sioux shield, with a cover made of buffalo hide. The shield itself is underneath. The cover is decorated with feathers to make it look very warlike. Look at the little animal's head painted at the bottom of the cover. We think that this was meant to be the head of a prong-horn antelope.


Cass Lake
Mississippi River
Leech Lake
Crow Wing River
Gull Lake
Gull Lake River
Sandy Lake
Lake Superior
Battle Ground
Mille Lacs
St. Croix River
Rum River
Mississippi River
St. Anthony Falls
MAP TO ILLUSTRATE BATTLES of SANDY LAKE and of CROW WING RIVER

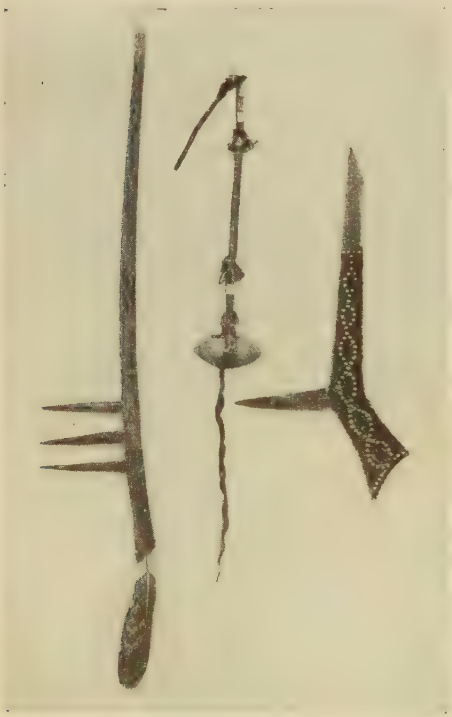
of the most important of these took place about the year 1768.

By this time the Sioux bands had been driven south of Mille Lacs. Those who had lately lived on Mille Lacs could not bear to have their ancient homes and hunting grounds in the hands of their enemies. They lived along the Rum River and their very nearness to their old land must have been hard for them. They decided finally to try once more to drive the Chippewa out. They sent messages to other bands of their people living along the Mississippi and arranged to meet them at the Falls of St. Anthony. The Sioux now had traders among them, and so they had firearms as well as the Chippewa.

At the time agreed upon, four or five hundred braves met at the falls. They went up the river by canoe to the Crow Wing River, then up the Crow Wing to Gull Lake River, and so to Gull Lake. From there they went by portaging from lake to lake until they came to Leech Lake, and then to Cass Lake. On the way they killed several scattered families of Chippewa. It was their purpose to go down the Mississippi, killing any hunters they might come on, until they reached Sandy Lake, where they meant to attack a large village of their enemies.

Luckily for the Chippewa, two of their hunters discovered the Sioux party and fled to Sandy Lake to warn

the village. The Sioux kept close at their heels, hoping to catch them before they could give the alarm. But the two men went faster than their pursuers and arrived at their village during the night. Here they found that sixty of the bravest men had gone down the Mississippi on a war party, and the rest were making themselves drunk on "fire-water," which had just been brought to the village by some Indians returning from a trip to Mackinac. The alarm was given, and those of the men who were sober enough began to make ready for the fight. The squaws busied themselves throwing cold water over those who were dead drunk in order to get them sobered up.



Courtesy of Museum of the American Indian

Sioux war clubs. These are the sort of weapons that the Indians used before they had guns.

Early in the morning the Sioux made their attack. Some approached the village by water and others went on foot to attack it by land. This latter party found about thirty Chippewa women picking berries near the village. They took these women prisoners and then commenced the attack.

But the squaws had not poured the buckets of cold water over the drunken Chippewa in vain. Enough had recovered to make a stubborn resistance, and still more were sobered up by the noise of battle around them. Finally the Sioux gave up the idea of capturing the village and went back to their canoes, taking their prisoners with them. In triumph they prepared to go home to their villages, with the prisoners, plunder, and scalps they had taken. In the next story you can read what happened to them on the way home.

THE CHIPPEWA'S REVENGE

THE sixty Chippewa warriors who had left the Sandy Lake village before the Sioux attack went down the Mississippi until they reached the Crow Wing. Here they came on the place where the Sioux had camped on their journey upstream. They were much upset at finding that so large a war party had gone on into their country. They knew that it was too late to go back to Sandy Lake and warn their village; there was nothing to do but try to get revenge on the Sioux. Knowing the country as they did, they were sure that the invaders would come down by either the Crow Wing or the Mississippi River. Therefore they decided to wait where they were, to attack their enemies.

It was sixty men against four or five hundred; so the Chippewa took no chances. They decided to hide themselves on a bluff on the east side of the Mississippi, opposite the lower mouth of the Crow Wing, where a turn in the river throws the current against the bluff. Canoes in the river would be sucked over toward the bluff by the current, and so would come within close range of anyone hidden on the bluff. Along the hill-

side the Chippewa dug for themselves a row of holes. Each hole was so big that eight or ten men could stand in it and so deep that they could shoot from it with safety. While waiting for the Sioux they sent out hunters to kill and dry meat for them so that they would have plenty to eat during the battle, and they sent scouts up the river to watch for the approach of the enemy.

Early one morning a scout brought back word that the Sioux were coming, and soon after that they came in sight. A little above the Chippewa ambush they stopped for breakfast, making their Chippewa women prisoners cook for them. After breakfast they had a scalp dance to celebrate their victory, and then they got into their canoes, yelling and beating drums. They kept their canoes close together, three or four abreast, and passed their pipes from one to the other, smoking in honor of their triumph.

But when the current of the river swung the canoes under the east bank, the Chippewa opened fire. The Sioux were taken completely by surprise. Many were killed at the first volley. As the rest tried to shoot back, the Chippewa women upset the canoes they were in and swam for the shore, leaving their captors struggling in the water and unable to return the Chippewa's fire. The Chippewa kept shooting as long as there were any Sioux in sight.

From a painting by George Catlin

Sioux scalp dance. See all the scalps being held up on sticks in the center of the picture. Try to tell what kind of weapon each man is holding.

About a mile down the river the Sioux collected their forces again. Those whose canoes had not been upset landed and waited for the others who had swum ashore to catch up with them. They collected the upset canoes as they floated by and after putting themselves to rights they went to attack the Chippewa. But their attack was a failure. The Chippewa, safe in their holes, did not lose even one man, while many of the Sioux, fighting in the open, were killed or wounded.

The Sioux spent the night in camp where they had breakfasted, but instead of the scalp dance there was wailing and crying for their dead. The next day they attacked again. This time they were more careful and dug trenches or built shelters of their own to fight from.

Finally both sides ran out of powder and shot, and the Sioux came up so close to the Chippewa that they fought by throwing large stones at each other. So the fight went on, with some hand-to-hand struggles with clubs and knives — but in the end the Sioux gave up their hopes of ever capturing the Chippewa, and retreated.

Fearing that the Chippewa would attack them for the raid they had made, the Sioux now moved their villages from the Rum River country and settled on the Minnesota River. Soon after this campaign, which

the Sioux had hoped would drive the Chippewa from Minnesota, there was not left a single Sioux village in all the territory east of the Mississippi and north of St. Anthony Falls.

JONATHAN CARVER

ALL the explorers and fur traders who have appeared in the stories before this one were Frenchmen and belong to what we call "the French period" in Minnesota history. Up to 1760 the French owned Canada, and their control of the Great Lakes gave them control of the fur trade in Canada and Minnesota. But during the French and Indian War the English commander, General Wolfe, captured Quebec from the French under Montcalm. That famous event was in 1759, and the next year all Canada was surrendered to the English. By the treaty at the end of the war England was given all the French possessions in America east of the Mississippi River, except New Orleans near its mouth. That city and all the country west of the river was given by France to Spain, but this did not keep English subjects from going west of the Mississippi for furs.

Many Frenchmen stayed in the fur trade after the English got the land, most of them as partners or employees of English subjects. Thus the English and Scotch and Yankee traders had the benefit of the experience that the French had gained in trading in this

region before. The French were already friends with the Indians. They had done a good deal of exploring in the region, and the Englishmen profited by the Frenchmen's labors.

The English did some exploring on their own account, however. The first man to explore and write a book about the region of Minnesota after the English period began was Jonathan Carver, a native of Connecticut and of course an English subject, as this was before the American Revolution. He was sent into the region in 1766 by another Yankee, Major Robert Rogers, who was the commander of the post at Mackinac. There were two things that Major Rogers very much wanted to do. One was to get the friendship of all the Indians of the Northwest, and the other was to find a way across the country to the Pacific Ocean.

Jonathan Carver.

Rogers told Carver to go from Lake Michigan, by way of the Fox, Wisconsin, and Mississippi rivers, to the Falls of St. Anthony. (You will find on page 38

the picture of these falls from Carver's book.) There he was to make friends with the Sioux Indians and persuade them to send a delegation to a great Indian conference at Mackinac in the spring of 1767.

Carver traveled with a trader and at Prairie du Chien found many other traders, some French and some English, preparing to go among the Indians. Prairie du Chien is near the mouth of the Wisconsin River and a short distance down the Mississippi from the southeastern corner of Minnesota.

Carver went on up the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony. Then he went back to the mouth of the Minnesota River, where Fort Snelling now stands, and went up the Minnesota River a short distance. He spent the winter with a band of Sioux Indians, probably not far from where Shakopee is now. There he had a chance to find out many things about the life and customs of the Indians, to put in his book.

In the spring the Indians went down to the vicinity of a great cave on the banks of the Mississippi, in what is now a part of St. Paul. Carver explored this cave and described it in his book, and it has since been known as Carver's Cave. The Indians came here because the near-by region was their cemetery, where every spring they buried the bodies of those who had died during the winter. Some of this Indian cemetery is now the Indian Mounds Park in St. Paul.

At this place the Indians held a council, and Carver, who had learned a little of their language during the winter, made a speech to them. He told them that the English were very powerful people and that their king was a very great man. He urged them to become the

From a painting by Carl Bodmer. Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

Funeral scaffold of a Sioux chief. The Indians left their dead on these scaffolds until it was time to bury them. The Indians in the front of the picture are a group of mourners.

children — that is, the subjects — of this king, and to go to the council at Mackinac.

Carver then went down the Mississippi to Prairie du Chien, where he joined an expedition sent out by Major Rogers to find the way to the Pacific. The

leader of this expedition was Captain James Tute, and the second in command was a trader named Goddard. Carver was to be the surveyor for the expedition and third in command.

The party probably intended to go up the Mississippi, cross over to the Red River valley, and so get to western Canada. The Indian guides, however, were afraid to go through the Sioux country; so they led the expedition up the Chippewa River and across to Lake Superior. The party then went along the north shore of Lake Superior to the place known as the Grand Portage. This place was used by traders as a starting point for expeditions to the Lake of the Woods and beyond. By the time the explorers got there their supplies of provisions and of presents for the Indians were nearly all gone. They tried to get some more from the traders who came there, but they did not succeed. So they had to give up the expedition and go back to Mackinac around the north shore of Lake Superior.

Carver went to England a few years later, and there published his famous book of *Travels*. In writing this book Carver was more interested in telling a good story and in making himself important than he was in giving the exact truth. Thus he claimed that he went up the Mississippi above St. Anthony Falls as far as the St. Francis River, and about two hundred miles up the

Minnesota River. He did not even mention the expedition under Captain Tute, but made it appear that he made the whole trip without white companions.

Luckily, however, the original journals which Carver wrote about his trip and on which he based his book are still in existence. From these and other records we can find out how much of his book is true and how much imaginary. Carver's book was translated into several languages and was read by a great many people all over Europe. Thus people learned something about the region he had visited and became interested in it.

PETER POND — A YANKEE TRADER

IN 1773 there came to Minnesota a trader named Peter Pond. He was thirty-three years old at that time, and, like Jonathan Carver, was a Yankee. He had fought against the French in the French and Indian War and after that had been trading for furs around Detroit for six years. In the spring of 1773 he left Montreal with a fleet of canoes loaded with goods for trading with the Indians.

His boatmen were French Canadians and looked more like pirates than anything else. They wore colored turbans or hats with feathers in them, bright handkerchiefs around their necks, calico shirts, wide worsted belts, leather leggings, and moccasins. In their belts they stuck their tobacco pouches and knives. They were so tanned and fierce looking that if they had worn earrings and hoisted a black flag they certainly would have seemed just like pirates.

But they were good-hearted men, who worked hard for very poor food and very low wages. All they wanted was a chance to make a living in the wilds, and a month or two each year in Montreal, where they could

spend their money before they went back to the woods again.

With this crew Pond went to Mackinac, where there was a fort and where the traders usually stopped on the way west. In September he left Mackinac. He went by a way well known to traders — into Green Bay on the west side of Lake Michigan, then up the Fox River, which empties into Green Bay. Then he portaged over to the Wisconsin River and went down that stream to the Mississippi.

At Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, all the fur traders bound for this part of the country used to meet before setting out for their posts. Here Pond and his men went, and here they separated. Pond was a capitalist, for he had hired nine men to take charge of his trade on different rivers that empty into the Mississippi. Of course each of these nine clerks had men under him, to help him with his trade and to guard his goods.

Pond himself chose as his river the St. Peter's, as it was then called — now the Minnesota River. In October he set out from Prairie du Chien with two other traders and their men, and some Indian guides. We know all this because some years later Pond wrote a journal or account of his adventures in the fur trade, and it has since been printed. The men made their way up the Mississippi, stopping to fish or shoot game for their food, and having plenty to eat. They liked

especially the wild crab apples that grew along the river. These, Pond says, were very good after the frost had touched them.

When they came to the mouth of the Minnesota — where Mendota is now — they turned into the current of that river and went on upstream. Finally Pond and one of the rival traders, who was still with him, landed their goods on shore and built their houses on a high bluff overlooking the river. They built them on the high ground so that the spring floods would not carry them away. Here they arranged their stock of goods and made ready for the winter.

In December some Indians came to them. They had been sent by their tribes to see if there were any traders on the river. After they had rested a few days they went off to tell their friends where the traders were. In January the Indians began to come to the post, to bring the furs of the animals they had killed, and also meat, both dried and fresh, to sell to the traders.

Pond soon noticed that the other trader seemed to get more of the Indians' goods than he did. This man was a Frenchman and had traded on the Minnesota River before. Pond said to him, "I suppose you get more trade than I because the Indians know you and like to go to you."

Now this Frenchman was a clever man, and also a kind one, for he promptly told Pond his secret. He

said that the Indians were very fond of stealing, thinking that this was a good way of getting something for nothing. So he always left out on his counter small articles like brass needles, awls, little bells, and so on. Then when the Indians came in to trade they would take these things, thinking that the trader did not see them. So of course more of them brought their furs to him. When Pond heard of this strange method of getting trade he tried it himself and found that from that time on he got as many skins as the Frenchman did.

ANOTHER STORY OF PETER POND

THE year after the Frenchman taught Peter Pond how to get the Indians to trade with him, Pond went again to the Minnesota River for the winter. When he arrived at his post, he heard that there was a band of Sioux Indians camped two hundred miles up the river, waiting for a trader to come up to them. So he loaded a canoe full of goods and prepared to go up. Just as he was about to start, the chief of the band arrived to invite him to go to them.

They set off then, the chief and his party going by land as they had come, while Pond and his men took their canoe up the river. You must not think of the fur-trader's canoe as looking like the canoes you see now. It was as a rule a great deal larger, forty feet long and five feet wide — almost three times as long as a modern canoe. This canoe of Pond's carried several men, a boy, and enough goods to trade with a tribe of 750 people.

The Indians finished their journey sooner than the white men, because they went by a direct route across the plains instead of following all the windings of the river. It took Pond and his men nine days to get up

to the Indian camp. When they were three miles away from it on the last day, the weather was so cold and wet that they camped on the river bank instead of going any farther. They turned their canoe upside down over them, and this, Pond says, made them "a grand shelter."

During the night it snowed and blew, and the ground froze hard. In the morning a gust of wind took the canoe up from over the men, whirled it in the air, and dashed it down on the hard ground, where it broke in pieces. Luckily for the white men, some Indians came down along the river bank about noon and found the travelers. They had horses with them; so with these they took Pond's goods up to their camp.

These Indians belonged to the Yankton band of the Sioux, which wandered over the plains between the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers. The other traders thought that Pond was rash to go up to trade with the Yankton, because they were very savage and no trader had gone to them before. The traders were afraid that the Indians would simply take their goods away and give nothing in return. But Pond was very well treated by the savages, and at the end of his trading he had a great many furs.

Then the Indians all went off and left the white men, because they had camped there so long that they had nothing left to eat. Pond was in the same difficulty,

and he did not even have a canoe to take his goods down the river with him. The Indians of this tribe had horses but not canoes. Living on the prairie as they did, they found the horses better than boats to travel

A beaver. The Indians were always glad to catch a beaver because his fur sold for a good price. People used the skins to make beaver hats.

with. Finally Pond decided to leave the furs in charge of one boy, and he and the men set off over the plains for his trading post. They reached there safely, but the weather grew so cold and stormy that the men could not go back to the boy for some days.

At last five of them set out, and they reached the boy fifteen days after they had left him. He had had no food except three handfuls of corn and some meat which was still sticking to three of the beaver skins. The men found him quite feeble; but they fed him up gradually, and he soon grew strong again. They put the furs on a scaffold out of reach of beasts, and there they left them until spring, when they went up the river again and found them safe and sound.

On their march home across the plains they were caught in a blinding snowstorm only about ten miles from their trading post. They could not see anything around them, and there were no trees nor shelter near them. So they simply had to sit down together, wrap themselves in their blankets, and let the snow cover them up. In the morning the sky cleared, and they reached home safely with no worse results than frosted feet.

These trips of Pond and of his men show the hardships that had to be faced in this new country and the dangers of the fur trader's life, even when the Indians were perfectly friendly.

GRAND PORTAGE

FAR up in the northeast corner of Minnesota is a little triangle of land, lying just south of the Canadian boundary, between the Pigeon River and Lake Superior. This small section of Minnesota is now almost cut off from the world. The only ways to reach it are by the highway that runs from Duluth to Fort William in Canada, and by the steamboat that in summer makes the trip from Duluth to Isle Royale. But during the British period of Minnesota history there was more life and activity in this remote corner of the state than in all the rest of the region.

The British control of Minnesota lasted from the downfall of the French in 1760 to the end of the War of 1812. The Americans really owned the part of Minnesota east of the Mississippi after the Revolution. But they could not make good their claim to land so far distant from their settlements, and the British still carried on their fur trade in the Minnesota country. Pushing westward from Lake Superior, they built posts on Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, Lake Winnipeg, and at various places in Minnesota and Canada.

The Pigeon River, flowing into Lake Superior, was part of the water route between these inland posts and the city of Montreal. The route leads through Lake Winnipeg, Lake of the Woods, Rainy River and Rainy Lake, and on through numerous small lakes and streams to the Pigeon River. But there are so many waterfalls and rapids in the last twenty miles of the river, as it dashes down the slope of land toward Lake Superior, that no one could navigate it. At the same time the banks are so steep that it is not possible to carry a canoe and its load along beside the river around the cascades and rapids.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

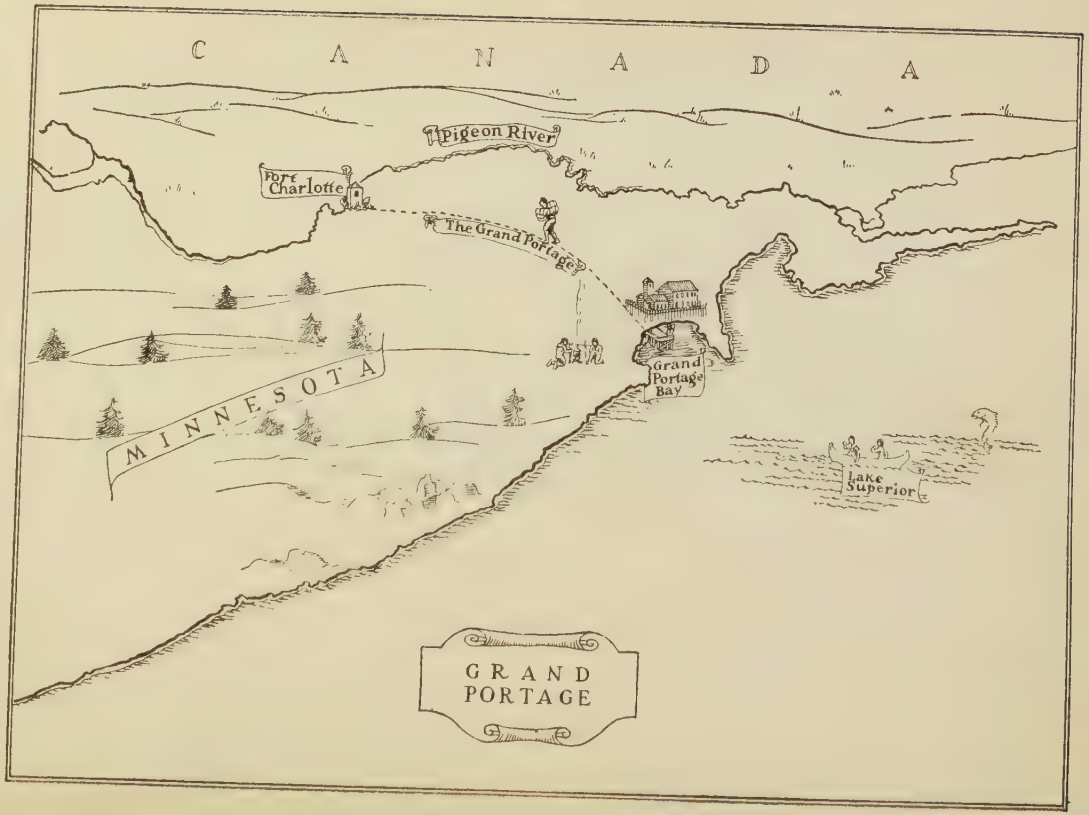
Pigeon Falls of the Pigeon River. Here the river takes a leap of seventy feet over the rocks.

About eight miles west of the mouth of the river, however, there is a little bay on the lakeshore, and from this bay a portage of nine miles in a westerly direction led to the Pigeon River above the principal falls. This portage, called by the French *le grand portage*, "the great carrying place," was almost certainly used by the Indians long before the white men arrived. The first white man to write about the portage was a Frenchman named La Vérendrye, who crossed it in 1731 on an expedition along the boundary waters. He calls it the Grand Portage, as if it was well known by that name. Certainly the French traders often used the portage.

During the French and Indian War the trade with the Indians on Lake Superior and westward was given up. The Indians then had to go far north to the Hudson's Bay Company's posts or else do without the white men's goods. After the English had won the war with France, they had to put down an Indian outbreak known as the conspiracy of Pontiac, and it was not until 1765 that trade in the Northwest really began again.

From that time on the trade grew more and more important, until in 1783 the traders of the region banded together and formed the Northwest Company. The next twenty years are the great period in the history of the Grand Portage.

The Northwest Company had a large fort or stockade at the edge of the bay. Inside the fort, there were


C A N A D A
Pigeon River
Fort Charlotte
The Grand Portage
MINNESOTA
Grand Portage Bay
Lake Superior
GRAND PORTAGE

sixteen buildings made of cedar and fir. Six of these buildings were storehouses, and the others were dwellings, offices, and a dining hall. The company had a ship that made four or five trips to Grand Portage each summer. In the bay was a large canoe yard where every year seventy canoes were built for the traders.

During July and August, Grand Portage was a very busy place. Here the men from Montreal, with goods for the trade of the next winter, met the traders coming from their posts throughout the Northwest. Two of the Montreal partners came west to Grand Portage and here met the wintering partners for the annual meeting of the company, at which plans were made for the coming year. Here the employees were paid their annual wage, and spent most of it.

The two or three hundred partners, traders, clerks, and guides lived in the fort and ate in the great dining hall. Outside were the camps of the "pork-eaters," as the Montreal canoemen were called, and the "winterers," the men who spent the winter at the posts. These men lived mostly on pork and hominy; but the food served in the dining hall included bread, beef, ham, fish, venison, butter, peas, corn, potatoes, and tea. There was even plenty of milk, for a herd of cows was kept at Grand Portage. In the evenings in the great hall there were often parties and balls, at which

the Indian girls are said to have danced gracefully and behaved very well.

It took a hundred men several weeks to carry the packs of supplies and furs across the portage. Parts of the trail were often "knee-deep in mud and clay, and so slippery as to make walking tedious." Yet over this bad trail each man, carrying two or more ninety-pound packs on his back, made the round trip of eighteen miles in about six hours. Later on the trail was widened so that oxcarts could be used on it.

From a drawing by A. Anderson. Courtesy of Hubbard Milling Co.

An Indian girl.

At the western end of the portage, where it met the Pigeon River, was another stockade inclosing several buildings, and named Fort Charlotte after the queen of England, the wife of George III. Here the goods were stored until the traders were ready to load them into their canoes and start for their posts in the interior.

By 1796 the Americans were strong enough so that they could try to control these English traders within their boundaries. As the traders were bringing goods into the United States without paying any tariff, it was suggested that an American revenue officer had better be stationed at Grand Portage to collect duty on the goods. The English did not like this idea at all. In

1798 the Northwest Company found a route that ran on British territory; and in 1801 the company built, at the mouth of the Kaministiquia, a post later known as Fort William.

When the Northwest Company left Grand Portage for this new post, the greatness of the place was over. It is now a sleepy little Indian village, with a few white fishermen and homesteaders in the neighborhood. But it is still possible to follow the old Grand Portage trail from the bay to the Pigeon River, and at the western end of the trail one can trace on the ground the outlines of the cellars, fireplaces, and stockade of old Fort Charlotte.

PIKE'S JOURNEY IN MINNESOTA

BY the Louisiana Purchase that part of Minnesota which lies west of the Mississippi was added to the United States. In July, 1805, Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike was ordered to go on an exploring expedition up the Mississippi. He was told to find out more about the region, and to warn the British traders on American soil that they must pay import duty on the goods they brought into the United States and must stop flying the British flag over their trading posts. This Lieutenant Pike was the same man who later discovered and gave his name to Pike's Peak in Colorado.

On August 9, 1805, he set out from St. Louis in a keel boat with twenty soldiers and supplies for four months. At Prairie du Chien he changed his keel boat for two flat-bottomed boats, hired an interpreter, and went on up the river in company with a fur trader who was going up to spend the winter among the Sioux. On August 21 he reached the mouth of the Minnesota River and encamped on the island that has since been called Pike Island.

Here a party of 150 Sioux warriors came to see him, led by a chief named Little Crow — the grandfather

of the Little Crow who headed the Sioux uprising at the time of the Civil War. On August 23, Pike held a council with the Sioux. He urged them to give up fighting the Chippewa, and he made arrangements for the United States to buy from them two pieces of land for military posts. One of these was a tract nine miles square at the mouth of the St. Croix River. The other lay on both sides of the Mississippi from below the mouth of the Minnesota up to and including the Falls of St. Anthony. This purchase extended nine miles back from the river on each side, and so it included much of the land on which Minneapolis and St. Paul are now built.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society
Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike.

The morning after the council, Pike was much disturbed to find that the flag was missing from his boat.

For a soldier to lose his flag seemed to him disgraceful. He did not know whether it had been lost or whether Indians had stolen it, but he punished the men who had been on guard and showed the Indians how much displeased he was. He sent men down the river three miles to hunt for the flag, but they could not find it.

The next morning Pike was awakened early by the coming of Chief Little Crow from his village fifteen miles down the Mississippi. Little Crow was afraid that Pike's party had been killed or had met with an accident, because the Indians had found Pike's flag floating in the river three miles below their village.

Little Crow and another chief called White Crane were just loading their guns and preparing to go off and fight when they saw the flag in the water. They found that its staff was broken, and they were all much disturbed. Little Crow rose and said that a thing so sacred as the flag must have been taken by violence from the white man's boat, and that it would be proper for the Indians to stop their private quarrel until they had avenged the cause of their eldest brother. He said that he would immediately go up the river to learn what dogs had done that thing, in order to take revenge on them. The Indians all agreed that this was right; so Little Crow had the flag put out to dry, and immediately started for Pike's camp.

Pike was much pleased at this sign of friendliness, and also pleased that the sight of the flag had prevented bloodshed among the Indians. He gave Little Crow goods to take back with him to persuade White Crane not to fight. This Little Crow promised to do. The next day the Indian chief sent two of his young men from his village with the flag. They reached Pike just as he came in sight of the Falls of St. Anthony. He gave them a present for their services and went on up the river, glad to have his flag again.

Pike and his men traveled up the Mississippi until they came to a place on the west side of the river about four miles below the present town of Little Falls. Here, from the great pines that grew close by, they built a fort for their winter quarters. They made a log house forty feet square, and inclosed this and other buildings with a stout palisade. Pike wrote in his journal, "I would have laughed at the attack of eight hundred or a thousand savages, if all my party were within."

On December 10, Pike left some of his men at this post, and he with the others started on a march along the frozen river to explore farther north. During this trip they visited Leech and Cass lakes and warned the British traders there that they must obey the laws of the United States.

One of the traders had the British flag flying over his fort on Leech Lake. On February 7, Pike wrote a

letter to him telling him, among other things, that he must not display the flag. Three days later, as the flag was still flying over the post, Pike had the American flag hoisted and told his Indians and riflemen to shoot at the other flag. They soon broke the staff below the British ensign and brought it to the ground.

The Englishmen were all very polite to Pike, entertained him well, and promised to do as he told them. But it is doubtful if they changed their ways any except while Pike was with them. Pike also held councils with the Chippewa Indians and urged them to stop their wars with the Sioux.

On March 5 the party of explorers returned to the fort at Little Falls. By April 7, the ice was broken up in the river, and Pike and his men began their homeward journey. This exploring party led by Pike was the first American military expedition on Minnesota soil.

THE BUILDING OF FORT SNELLING

IT was fourteen years after Pike's explorations before the United States government built a military post on the land that the Indians had given up. The War of 1812 was fought; and finally, in 1819, Colonel Henry Leavenworth was ordered to take some soldiers to the junction of the Mississippi and the Minnesota rivers and there to build a fort.

There was need of a fort in the region of Minnesota. The Indian trade had by now grown large. After the War of 1812, the government decided that only citizens of the United States might be licensed as traders with the Indians. This meant that the British traders must either become naturalized citizens of the United States or give up their trade.

The American Fur Company, founded by John Jacob Astor, bought all the trading posts belonging to English companies south of the Canadian border. Then the American traders demanded government protection, not only from the Indians but from rival traders who were not citizens of the United States. Perhaps the government also felt that the Indians might need

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

This is the way Fort Snelling looked during the period of the Civil War.

some protection, in case bad men should try to get the better of them by trading whisky for furs.

At any rate, the military expedition under Colonel Leavenworth left Prairie du Chien on August 8, 1819. There were ninety-eight soldiers and about twenty boatmen, traveling in fourteen bateaux, two large boats, and a barge belonging to Colonel Leavenworth. With the party in another boat went Major Thomas Forsyth, an Indian agent sent out from St. Louis to give presents to the Sioux and remind them that by the treaty made with Pike they were bound to let the soldiers build the fort.

The Indians along the river must have been much impressed at the coming of such a large party. Before this, there had been explorers and traders in small parties with perhaps from one to three boats. The eighteen boats in this group must have told the savages that now the white men were coming in earnest.

The Sioux were, on the whole, glad to have the fort built. They felt that the soldiers represented the "Great Father," as they called the American president, and that the Great Father had sent his troops there to protect and help the Indians. So the soldiers were not attacked at all by Indians on the way up the river. It is well they were not, for they were kept busy enough fighting against the current and the mosquitoes.

On August 24, the expedition reached the mouth of

the Minnesota River. Colonel Leavenworth chose a spot for winter quarters on the south bank of the Minnesota, not far from where the present town of Mendota stands. The soldiers were set to work at once making roads up the river bank, cutting timber, and building shelters for the coming winter. Early in September, 120 men arrived as reinforcements to the garrison and helped to push the work forward.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

The watch tower at Fort Snelling.

The first winter in the new post was one of severe hardship. We know how cold winter can seem even when we live in well-built houses heated by stoves or furnaces. How much worse it would be if we lived as the soldiers did, in log huts heated only by fireplaces!

To add to the soldiers' troubles, there was a shortage of food. Many of the garrison became sick that winter with scurvy. This is a disease that results from not

eating enough vegetables. We do not know just how many men at the fort died from this disease — reports vary from forty to one hundred, but certainly the situation was serious.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

The government mill at St. Anthony Falls. At the left is the flour mill, and at the right is the saw mill where the timber for Fort Snelling was sawed. This picture was taken in 1857.

Finally the sickness was checked by the arrival from Prairie du Chien of "a quantity of spruce," from the sap of which a kind of broth was made that helped the sufferers. The sap of some trees was apparently a

standard cure for scurvy in the northern regions. A trader also brought up some supplies that probably helped in fighting the disease.

The next summer Colonel Leavenworth was transferred to another post, and Colonel Josiah Snelling was put in command of the garrison. He decided to build the fort at the place where it now stands, on the high bluff below which the Minnesota runs into the Mississippi. To get timber for the fort a party of soldiers went up the Rum River during the winter and cut about two thousand pine logs. This was slow work. After a tree was cut down, ten or fifteen men would haul the log on a sled to the bank of the river, from a quarter to a half a mile away.

In the spring they floated these logs down the Rum River to the Mississippi. There they made them into small rafts, which they took down the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony. A government sawmill on the west side of the river was finished in the spring of 1822, and here the logs were made into lumber for the fort. The fort when first built was called Fort St. Anthony after the falls nine miles up the river; but in 1824 the war department changed the name to Fort Snelling, in honor of the colonel who had worked so hard to build a post in the wilderness.

THE RED RIVER COLONY

WHILE in Minnesota there was as yet no settlement — only fur-traders' posts — there was begun in the Red River valley in Canada a settlement of people who came to make a living from farming. In the history books, this is called the Red River Colony or the Selkirk Settlement.

At that time, the Hudson's Bay Company claimed all the country north of Minnesota to Hudson Bay and west to the Rocky Mountains. Lord Selkirk, a Scotch nobleman who owned stock in the company, persuaded the company to grant him land for a settlement. He wanted to have some place in Canada to which he could send Scotch peasants who had no homes and no good land to farm in Scotland. The land that Selkirk got from the Company was 116,000 square miles lying on both sides of the Red River. Because no one knew just where the boundary line ran between the United States and Canada, the grant included parts of what are now Minnesota and North Dakota as well as a large section in Manitoba.

The first colonists arrived at the site of the present city of Winnipeg in the fall of 1812. A cold winter was

From a drawing by Capt. Seth Eastman

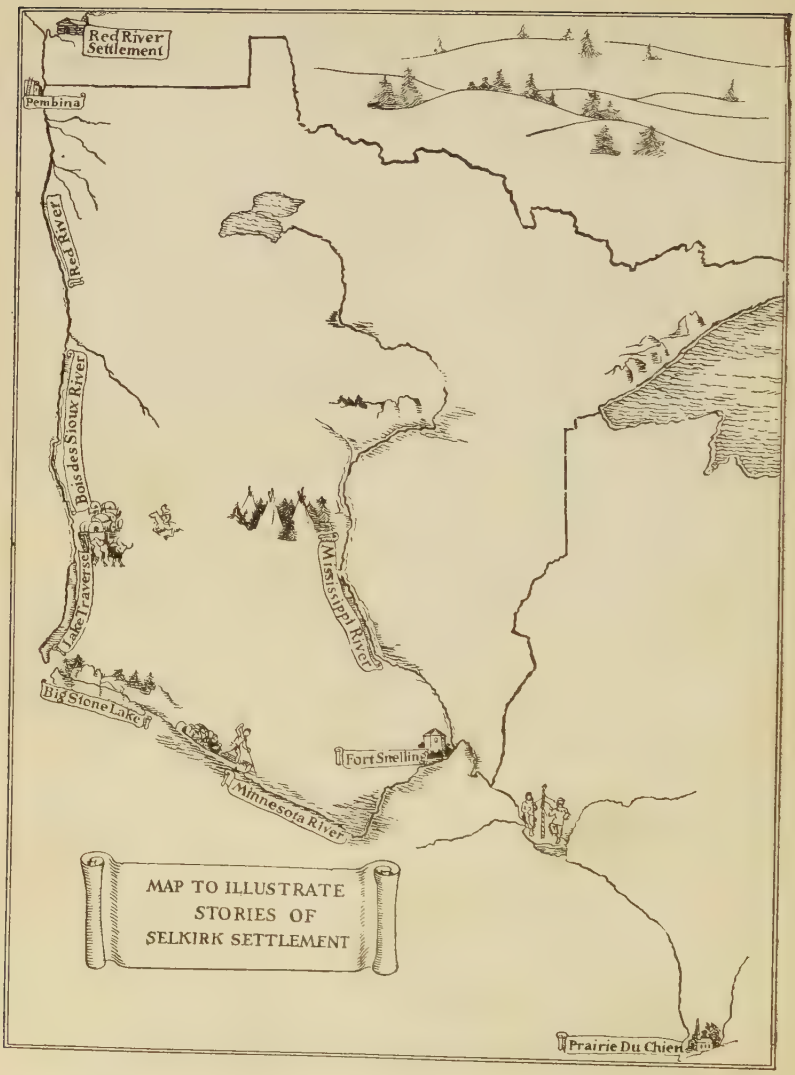
White men hunting buffaloes in winter. Men on snowshoes could run faster than buffaloes, whose heavy feet sank deep in the snow. The mountains make the picture look as if this might be country farther west than Minnesota.

close upon them, and they did not have enough food to last through. In this state of affairs they were advised by the half-breeds and the traders in the Northwest Company's post near there to go to Pembina to spend the winter.

Pembina was a little settlement of half-breeds on the west side of the Red River where the present town of Pembina, North Dakota, stands. It was a good place to spend the winter because the buffaloes could be hunted there, and they did not go any farther north along the river in winter. So the Scotchmen and their families went to Pembina, built what shelters they could, and lived there with the half-breeds and the Indians.

In the spring they went back to their colony and began to build houses for themselves and sow some seed. The next winter they had to go again to Pembina and live on buffalo meat. In the summer of 1814 more colonists arrived, and then the men of the Northwest Company became hostile toward the settlers. They thought that the settlement was supported by the Hudson's Bay Company in order to hurt the growth of the rival Northwest Company.

Soon open fighting broke out between the Northwesters and the colonists. This was not entirely stopped until 1817, when Lord Selkirk came to the colony with 250 men, many of them disbanded soldiers


Red River Settlement
Pembina
Red River
Bois des Sioux River
Lake Traverse
Mississippi River
Big Stone Lake
Fort Snelling
Minnesota River
Prairie Du Chien
MAP TO ILLUSTRATE
STORIES OF
SELKIRK SETTLEMENT

who could be relied on to protect the settlers. From that time on the settlement was safe, and four years later the Northwest Company was united with the Hudson's Bay Company.

But we are interested not so much in what happened in the colony itself as in the relation between the colony and the region southeast of it — that is, Minnesota.

In 1818 and again in 1819, swarms of grasshoppers ate up the crops at the settlement. This plague, coming two years together, left the colonists without any seed for the following year. So in order to get seed, a party set out, in 1819, to go a thousand miles to Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi. It was led by Duncan Graham, a fur trader, and Robert Laidlaw. The men left after winter had set in, and they traveled the whole distance on snowshoes.

In April, 1820, they left Prairie du Chien for the colony. They had bought wheat, barley, and peas for seed, and had loaded their precious cargo into flat-bottomed "Mackinaw" boats, which, with their crews, were hired at Prairie du Chien. Then they started up the Mississippi.

When they got to Lake Pepin, the lake was still frozen over; so they had to wait for the ice to go out. May Day came while they were there, and they set up a Maypole on the ice of the lake. To the Scotchmen and Englishmen this must have seemed queer indeed.

Perhaps they were a little homesick as they thought of May Day at home, with the spring flowers all out and the blossoms on the trees, and as they compared the green lawns where they had set up other Maypoles with the forbidding ice of the lake. It must have seemed as strange to them as it would to us to have skating on the Fourth of July.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Alexis Bailly, fur trader and pioneer of the town of Wabasha. This picture was made long after his trip to the Red River settlement.

On May 3, the ice broke up, and they went on with their toilsome journey. Arriving under the bluffs at Fort Snelling, they turned their boats into the current of the Minnesota River and traveled up that stream to its head in Big Stone Lake. From there they had to get across to Lake Traverse, a mile and a half away. They made a queer kind of portage by putting the boats on wooden rollers and rolling them across the ground.

The rest of the journey was with the current instead of against it. Crossing Lake Traverse, they floated down the Bois des Sioux River to the Red River, and then down the Red River to the settlement. They reached home early in June, and the seed they brought yielded a good harvest that fall. Lord Selkirk paid the cost of the expedition — over $5,000. That was a lot of money in those days — probably as much as $15,000 would be now.

In the summer of 1821, an adventurous trader named Alexis Bailly set out from Prairie du Chien for the Red River with thirty or forty head of cattle. He knew that cows were scarce in the colony, and he saw a good chance to make money by taking some up there. He had with him a man named François Labathe as partner, and also two hired men. The four men with the cattle and seventeen horses passed Fort Snelling in August and went on their way.

In September a rumor reached Fort Snelling that Bailly and two men had been killed by Indians. As a matter of fact, Bailly had several scares because of the Indians, and his horses were stolen from him, but he got safely through to the Red River settlement and sold his cattle at prices high enough to pay him well for the troubles and danger he had undergone.

The expedition from the colony after seed wheat, and that of Bailly to the colony, mark the beginnings of a

trade that was to be quite important to Minnesota. In spite of the fact that the colony was on British territory, the settlers soon found that the best outlet for their produce was through Minnesota to the rest of the United States.

THE FIRST IMMIGRANTS

EVEN before the trade of the Red River Colony had grown large enough to be important, Minnesota received from the colony her first permanent settlers.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Colonel Snelling.

In 1821 some Swiss colonists reached Red River. They had been collected by an agent for Lord Selkirk, and the picture he had painted of the colony was much prettier than the reality. Five of the new families decided that year that they did not want to live in such a desolate place. In the fall they left for Fort Snelling, and they reached there safely before winter set in. Colonel Snelling allowed them to settle on the reservation at the fort. Here

they made little farms for themselves and grew vegetables and grain for the use of the garrison.

These families were the first of a number of immigrants who for the next twenty years or so came drifting down from Red River, discouraged by conditions there. Most of the families went farther south down the Mississippi, but some stayed near Fort Snelling and finally settled in the oldest towns in the state.

In the spring of 1823, thirteen Swiss families left the Red River settlement for Fort Snelling. In one of the families there was a girl twelve years old, named Ann Shadecker. Long afterward, when she was seventy-seven, she told what she remembered of the trip, and a man took down her account and published it.

Though there were thirteen families who started out together there were only twelve men in the group. Armed with guns, these twelve men and one boy were the only protectors of the expedition. The rest of the party was made up of women and children and a few drivers of Red River carts, which had been hired for the journey.

These Red River carts were great two-wheeled carts made entirely of wood, with no nails or axle-bolts, just wooden pins and rawhide to fasten them together. They were drawn by oxen and, needless to say, were not very speedy. But they carried a load well and were very useful in traveling on the prairie.

The Red River carts may be called the first freight-cars in Minnesota. Later on, when the settlement grew bigger, whole trains of these carts, sometimes as many as four hundred together, would drive down from Winnipeg and Pembina to St. Paul. They took down

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Red River carts and drivers, photographed in St. Paul in 1858. The oxen have been unhitched from the carts and are probably grazing near.

furs and buffalo meat to sell and carried back farm machinery, hardware, and clothing.

The drivers of these carts never tried to grease the axles at all, and the carts would go squeaking over the prairie making a terrible noise. Once when they passed near a church in Minneapolis just as the sermon was

beginning, the services had to be stopped because the congregation could not hear the preacher.

Of course the few carts that the party of Swiss immigrants took with them did not make such a deafening noise as that. But they made enough noise so that they could not be driven through the Indian country without being heard. The carts carried the food and baggage for the company. Occasionally some of the younger children, who could walk but grew tired soon, were given rides, but the rest of the party walked. Some of the women walked all the way from Winnipeg to Fort Snelling, carrying their babies, too.

The party had made careful plans for getting through the Indian country. In the first place, they had with them the drivers of the Red River carts — mostly half-breeds — who could speak the Sioux language and so could talk to any Indians they met. Then also they had brought with them a little stock of trinkets to present to any Indians that they might meet, to gain their good will. When they camped at night, some of them always stayed awake to guard the rest and prevent the Indians from taking them by surprise. The savages seemed on the whole to be friendly, but perhaps this was due to these careful preparations the Swiss had made.

Near Lake Traverse, the Swiss had an encounter with the Indians that might have proved serious. As they

were going along on an open prairie, some Indians on horseback overtook them and began to scold them angrily for killing buffaloes. The Indians seemed to feel that they owned the herds or at least the right to hunt the herds in their territory. The colonists had killed only enough buffaloes for food, but the Indians were angry just the same.

As they approached an Indian village, one of the warriors on horseback dashed off to the village, and soon all the braves in the place had surrounded the party. They began to unload the carts, throwing the baggage onto the ground. One of them saw Ann Shadecker and went up and tried to catch hold of her. She ran away from him and he ran after her over the prairie until a chief rode up and told him to let the girl alone.

This same chief then went back to the rest of the party and talked to the Indians, apparently telling them not to annoy the colonists. They stopped their hostile actions; the carts were reloaded; and the whole party, Indians and all, went on to Fort Traverse, a trading post on the lake. There the Swiss made presents to the Indians in return for the buffaloes they had killed, and all the anger of the braves died down. They even sent two Indians along with the immigrants for some distance, to tell other bands to treat the travelers kindly.

It was now getting late in the fall. All the Swiss

except the Shadeckers decided to push on faster because they wanted to reach Fort Snelling and go down the Mississippi before it froze over. The Shadeckers went to the Minnesota River. Here the father and oldest brother hollowed out one side of a cottonwood log to make the kind of boat that is called a "dug-out." In this the whole family embarked with all the baggage they had left. They floated down the river, getting stuck on sandbars and snags occasionally, until at last they reached Fort Snelling and safety.

Ann Shadecker's journey had taken almost five months. You can now go from Winnipeg to St. Paul in fifteen hours. But you will not have the excitement of killing buffaloes or getting chased by an Indian on the way.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT

AFTER the first few winters, Fort Snelling was a comfortable place in which to stay. Secure from Indian attack, the garrison lived quietly at the fort. The soldiers raised vegetables, cut hay on the prairie for winter use, tended the stock, and combined the work of soldier and farmer. The officers spent their spare time in hunting and fishing, exploring the country round about, and making trips to points of interest like St. Anthony Falls. In the winter, there were dances at the fort, and sometimes plays were presented by some of the garrison for the amusement of the rest.

But life at the fort seemed very lonely at times. There was hardly a white man's house between Fort Snelling and Prairie du Chien, the nearest settlement. There were of course no railroad trains and no steamboats to connect the fort with the outside world. Even the mails were very irregular. Mail was taken up the river as far as Prairie du Chien, and there it waited until soldiers were sent down for it from Fort Snelling. In the summer the soldiers made trips for the mail in ca-

noes. In the winter they traveled on snowshoes down the river, spending the nights at Indian tepees, if they came across any, and otherwise rolling themselves up in their blankets and sleeping round a fire in the snow.

From a painting by Alfred Sederberg. Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Minnehaha (Laughing Water). People from the fort made many pleasure trips to these falls.

The people at Fort Snelling were very happy when they heard that steamboats were going to run up the river as far as the fort. That meant that mail would come more regularly; that there would be visitors coming up to see the fort and the Falls of St. Anthony; and that if anyone had to go from the fort east or south, he could go by steamboat instead of having to go in a canoe or small boat of some sort.

At last on the morning of May 10, 1823, there came a sound from the river, the puffing of steam from a boat.

"The steamboat is coming! The steamboat is coming!" cried the people at the fort, and they hastened to the bluff to look down the river. There, rounding a bend in the stream, they saw the steamboat *Virginia*,

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

An early Mississippi steamboat tied up at the wharf at Winona. This one is a "side-wheeler." The *Virginia* had its paddle wheel at the stern.

the first to make the trip from Prairie du Chien to Fort Snelling.

The sight of the steamboat filled the hearts of the garrison with joy, but it had quite a different effect on the near-by Indians. They rushed down to the river's edge to see what was making the noise. When they saw the big boat, with clouds of smoke coming out of

her funnel and the paddlewheel lashing the water, they were terrified. The women and children ran screaming to the woods, their hair and blankets flapping in the wind. The warriors stood their ground, not wishing to seem afraid. As the boat came up to the landing they stepped back from shore a little, and stood looking at this monster that came at the call of the white man. But when the boat let off steam at the dock, the bravest warriors followed the squaws in flight to the woods.

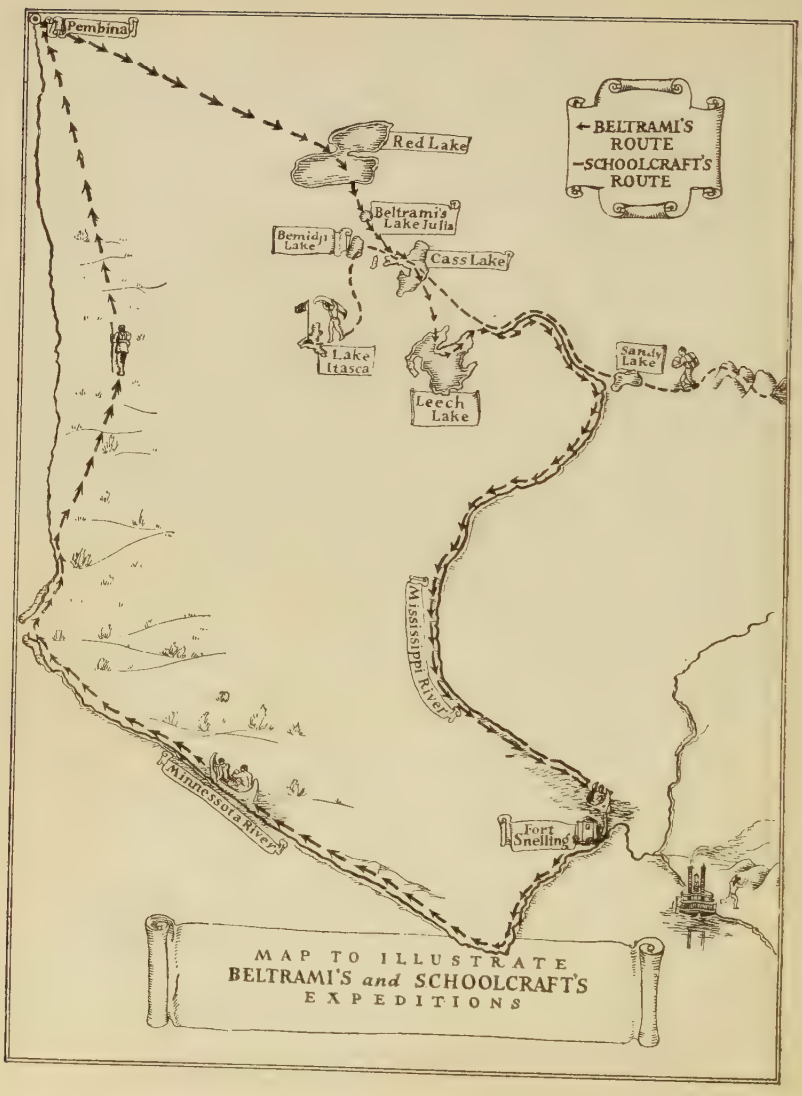
A little girl, the daughter of one of the officers at the fort, saw this first steamboat come up the river. Later she grew up, married, and went away from Minnesota. More than forty years after the arrival of that first steamboat, she came back to Fort Snelling. As she stood looking down over the river and remembering that day so many years ago, she heard another steam whistle and saw, across the stream at Mendota, the first railroad train that ever went past Fort Snelling.

AN ITALIAN'S ADVENTURE IN MINNESOTA

AMONG the passengers of the steamboat *Virginia* on that first trip up the river was an Italian named Giacomo Costantino Beltrami. He was out for travel and adventure in the new world. He wanted particularly to discover the source of the Mississippi River. He was kindly received at Fort Snelling and soon found an opportunity to go farther in his search.

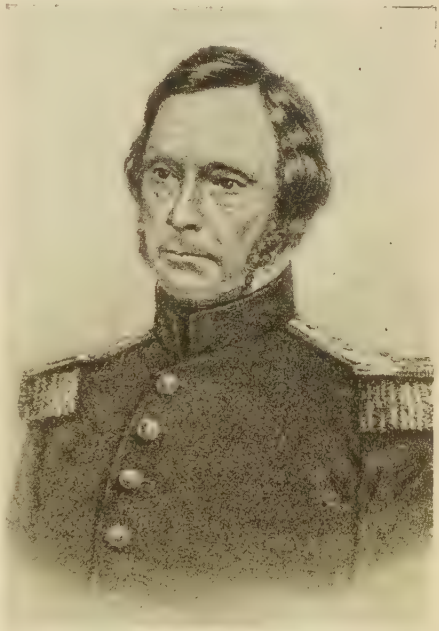
An exploring party was being sent out by the government, to go up the Minnesota River to its source in Big Stone Lake, and down the Red River of the North to the boundary, and then east along the boundary waters. The explorers were to make an accurate map of the region. This party was led by Major Stephen H. Long, and included several scientists besides a military escort of a corporal and nine men. Major Snelling persuaded Major Long to take Beltrami with his expedition, and so they set out.

Beltrami, however, did not get on well with the others of the party. Major Long and Professor Keating, a geologist, both of whom kept diaries of the trip, speak as if Beltrami was not a very good companion. Beltrami himself, in his book of travels, says little things


Pembina
Red Lake
← BELTRAMI'S ROUTE
–SCHOOLCRAFT'S ROUTE
Beltrami's Lake Julia
Bemidji Lake
Cass Lake
Lake Itasca
Leech Lake
Sandy Lake
Mississippi River
Minnesota River
Fort Snelling
MAP TO ILLUSTRATE
BELTRAMI'S and SCHOOLCRAFT'S
EXPEDITIONS

that show that he thought himself much better than the rest.

At any rate, when the party reached Pembina, Beltrami left the others, taking with him a half-breed guide and two Indians. He struck off to the southeast, where he was sure the source of the Mississippi must lie. He came to Red Lake, and south of Red Lake discovered a small lake that he called Lake Julia. This he believed to be the source of the Mississippi. But he was mistaken.



Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society
Major Stephen H. Long.

Going still farther southeast, he reached Leech Lake, where the Pillager band of the Chippewa had their village. Here he had an adventure of which he tells in his book.

A number of Chippewa had returned from a visit to some English agents on Lake Huron, and from there had brought back several kegs of whisky. With this

most of the men and women in the village proceeded to make themselves drunk. This was a dangerous time for Beltrami, for the drunken Indians were very quarrelsome and fierce and were quite likely to take it into their heads to kill the white man.

A copy of the picture of Beltrami that appears in his own book.

But, according to his account, he showed such courage that he was not harmed. He went off on a little mound and stood watching the Indians, his cutlass in his belt, his gun in hand, and his sword ready at his side. The picture on this page shows how he looked. The Indians often threatened him, but he did not answer them. He only stood there boldly and showed by his manner that he would kill the first who tried to touch him.

Once during the night he had to leave his position. The beautiful daughter of Chief Cloudy Weather came to him and told him her father's life was threatened.

He and his guide ran to the place where the chief, with only a stick for a weapon, was defending himself against two Indians armed with knives. Beltrami and his guide disarmed the drunken Indians and pushed Cloudy Weather — who was also drunk — into his tent with a faithful Indian to guard him and keep him there.

The next day it was found that in the general uproar two Indians had been killed and twenty-four wounded, seven of whom later died. This sort of thing was likely to happen if the Indians got an unlimited supply of whisky, and this is why the United States government was anxious to prevent the taking of liquor into the Indian country.

Cloudy Weather went with Beltrami down the river to Fort Snelling, and there the Italian took a steamboat to New Orleans. He never came to Minnesota again, but the name of Beltrami County is a reminder of him.

THE DISCOVERY OF ITASCA LAKE

ON June 25, 1832, a party of thirty men left Fond du Lac on the St. Louis River, to go westward over the highways of the fur trade to the Mississippi River. The party was led by Henry R. Schoolcraft, and included Lieutenant Allen and ten men of the United States Army, the Reverend Mr. Boutwell, a missionary, and Dr. Douglass Houghton, who was to vaccinate the Indians against smallpox. Schoolcraft had been told to go to the upper Mississippi from Sault Ste. Marie, in order to visit the Chippewa of the region and to try to persuade them to give up their wars with the Sioux.

But the thing he most wanted to do was to find the source of the Mississippi. He had not been told to do that, but he knew that he could do it and still carry out his business with the Indians. Schoolcraft, like many other people at the time, was interested in the source of the great river. He had a special interest, too, because twelve years before this he had gone with Governor Cass of Michigan territory on an expedition in this region. He then went up the Mississippi as far as Cass Lake, named for the governor and thought by Cass to

be the source of the river. But Schoolcraft noticed that there were two streams flowing into the lake. He heard from traders that by one of these he could reach Elk Lake, the real source of the Mississippi. So it happened that Schoolcraft led his party from Sault Ste. Marie to Fond du Lac, and there prepared to make the strenuous journey across to the Mississippi.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society
Henry R. Schoolcraft.

It was at Fond du Lac that the real work began. The river above was for some distance too swift and shallow for the men to go in their canoes, and they had to make a portage. To begin with, all the baggage and provisions had to be carried up a steep bluff sixty or seventy feet high. The boatmen or voyageurs were used to this sort of work. Each of them took a keg of pork and a bag of flour on his back, the whole weighing 150 pounds. Then he started up the hill.

The boatmen all got their loads safely to the top, but the soldiers had much more trouble. They were not used to carrying such heavy loads, and they managed them awkwardly — so that many a keg of pork bounced down the slope to the foot of the hill and sometimes the flour went tumbling after.

When the men at last got everything up to the top, they still had nine miles to go with their loads. Every half mile along the portage there was a "pause," or place where they stopped to rest. A boatman would carry his load from one pause to the next, throw it down there, and walk back for another load. It took the party three days to go over this nine-mile portage, up hill and down dale, through woods and underbrush.

They were helped in carrying by some Indian families who were going that way to their summer hunting-ground. Mr. Boutwell, the missionary, wrote in his diary: "Some of the Indian women have taken each a bag of flour, a trunk and soldier's knapsack on her back, and waded through mud and water where I would not drive a dumb beast. But more, not unfrequently the Indian cradle is placed on top of all, the hoop of which defends the child's head, projecting so high as to catch every bush, now dripping with rain, and shake it full into the child's face."

After that long portage, the party spent one day on the river — or perhaps we might say *in* the river, because

the stream was so shallow and the bottom so rocky that often the men had to get out and wade, pulling their canoes after them. Finally, after another portage of three miles, the rapids in the river were passed, and they came to smooth deep water where they could travel with ease.

On they paddled until they reached a stream called the East Savannah River, which runs into the St. Louis River from the southwest. Turning into this stream, they followed it to its head in a sort of marsh or bog. Six miles away was the West Savannah River, a branch of the Prairie River, and these streams would lead them into Sandy Lake and so to the Mississippi.

From a drawing by A. Anderson. Courtesy of Hubbard Milling Co.

A squaw carrying a load of wood.

To reach the West Savannah they had to make another portage, and this was the worst of all. It had rained hard the day before, and the mud in the bog was almost waist deep. Through this the men floundered, carrying some of the baggage, dragging the canoes after them, and beset with clouds of mosquitoes. It took two days to get over this six-mile portage. At the end of the first day Mr. Boutwell wrote: "Our men are covered with mud from head to foot. Some have lost one leg of their pantaloons, others both. Their shirts and moccasins are all of a piece, full of rents and mud.

Mangled feet and bruised backs and legs were brought forward this evening to the doctor. While I write, his tent door is thronged with the lame and the halt. — Everyone carries some mark of the Savannah portage."

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

A papoose in its carrier. An Indian baby was lucky to have such a carrier as this. Most of the carriers did not have so many beads on them.

But at last they got clear of the mud, floated down the West Savannah to Sandy Lake, and from Sandy Lake reached the Mississippi, ten days after they had left Fond du Lac. This trip shows the hardships and difficulty of travel in the early days. Yet for 150 years the fur traders had been traveling in just this way in Minnesota, and the route that Schoolcraft followed was one of the main highways of the fur trade.

In five more days the expedition reached Cass

Lake. Guided by an Indian called Yellow Head, of the Cass Lake band, sixteen of the party set out from there for the source of the Mississippi. They went up the Mississippi to Lake Bemidji and then went south up the river that has since been called the Yellowhead, in

Itasca Lake, as seen from Schoolcraft Island.

honor of the Indian guide. From the source of this river they made a portage of six miles, until they came in sight of the clear and beautiful waters of Itasca Lake.

This lake was at the time known as Elk Lake, but Schoolcraft changed its name to Itasca. This is a word

made up from the two Latin words meaning "truth" and "head." Schoolcraft put them together, like this — *verITAS CAput* — and got *Itasca* out of the middle. By this name he meant that the lake was the true head of the Mississippi River.

On an island in Lake Itasca, now called Schoolcraft Island, the explorer set up the American flag to celebrate his success. Then the party made their way back.

Lake Itasca had been known for some time both to the Indians and to the traders as the real source of the Mississippi. But none of these people had told the outside world about it. Schoolcraft was the first to lead an exploring party there, and he was the first to tell his discovery to the world in book form. In his book, too, appears the first map of the region from Cass Lake to Itasca. So it is fair to call Schoolcraft the discoverer of Itasca Lake, and to honor him by adopting for the lake the name he gave it and by calling the island Schoolcraft Island.

MENDOTA AND THE FUR TRADE

WHEN Colonel Leavenworth took his soldiers up the river to build Fort Snelling, he hired a man at Prairie du Chien to drive his cows and horses overland to the new post. This man was Jean Baptiste Faribault, a trader, whose winter post was at a place some distance up the Minnesota River. Some of you will know Faribault's name because of the county named after him or because of the city in Rice County named Faribault and founded by his son.

The elder Faribault also founded a town — the first settlement in the state of Minnesota. When the trader saw that he would have the protection of the soldiers at Fort Snelling, he decided to live near there instead of at Prairie du Chien.

First he built a house on Pike Island. But he was driven out from there and from another place by floods. Then he moved over the river and built the first log house in what was to be the village of Mendota. This was in the year 1826. It seems strange to think that the oldest town in Minnesota was begun only about one hundred years ago.

The name *Mendota* is a Sioux word meaning "the meeting of the waters." It refers to the fact that at this place the Minnesota and the Mississippi meet. Under the protection of Fort Snelling, Mendota grew to be a little hamlet, mostly of fur traders and their families and employees. One of the early settlers was Alexis Bailly, who married Faribault's daughter. Another was Joseph R. Brown, who had been a drummer-boy at Fort Snelling and who, after he left the army, stayed in the region as a pioneer.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Jean Baptiste Faribault.

In 1834 the American Fur Company made Mendota its headquarters for the Sioux trade in Minnesota. One of the partners of the company was sent out to take charge of its affairs there. This man, who became one of the foremost citizens of Minnesota, was Henry Hastings Sibley.

Sibley made the trip from Prairie du Chien to Mendota on horseback, along with Alexis Bailly and two French Canadians. At that time the only white man's

dwelling between the two settlements was a trader's cabin near what is now the town of Wabasha.

At Mendota Sibley built for himself the first stone house in Minnesota. All the dwellings before this had been log cabins. In this house Sibley had many visitors. There was no hotel in the region; so everyone who came up to Fort Snelling had to stay either at the fort or with Sibley.

Henry Hastings Sibley.

The Sibley house is still standing and is furnished much as it was in Sibley's time. The Daughters of the American Revolution have made it into a museum. If you are in St. Paul or Minneapolis, you ought to ask some older person to take you to Mendota to see this house.

As head of the trade with the Minnesota Sioux, Sibley had a large territory in his charge. His district included the Mississippi River valley from Lake Pepin to

Little Falls, and all the country of the Minnesota River, and even extended into what is now South Dakota. The traders in this vast country got their goods and supplies from Sibley at Mendota, and gave to him the furs they obtained from the Indians.

Courtesy of Mahala Wheeler Grove

The Sibley house in winter.

Sibley made many trips through his territory, and became the friend of all the Indians in it. Sometimes he went hunting with them. Once he went with Little Crow's band on their winter hunt, which lasted five months. On this hunt he had an exciting experience.

The band went south to the big woods of the Red Cedar River and there made their winter camp. They pitched their tepees close together and surrounded them by a barrier of trees and saplings that they had cut down. In this rude fort they left the women and children guarded by a few old men who were not strong enough to hunt. Then all the other men of the band went off on short hunting trips, sometimes staying away three or four days at a time.

One day Sibley went out to hunt alone. When he got back, he found that all the men but five old fellows had left for a place over forty miles away. The women were much disturbed because they had seen a strange Indian skulking behind the trees and spying on the camp.

Sibley followed the tracks of the man for some distance and then went back to camp. He was certain that the stranger must have been a scout sent by some war party of the Sauk and Fox Indians, and he feared that the camp would be attacked.

About eight o'clock that evening, the women reported that they had seen Indians in the woods on one side of the camp. Sibley got his men together, and they fired in that direction. Each man fired two or three guns so that the enemy would think there were more men in the camp than there really were. Then they posted themselves for the night. Sibley and a half-

From a painting by George Catlin

Shooting antelope. The Indian has put a cloth on the end of a stake to attract the animals. When they go up to look at it, he will shoot them.

breed boy took the main entrance to the camp, and the old men guarded the four small entrances.

At three o'clock in the morning all the dogs in camp began to bark and made a rush for the barriers. The Sioux were sure that their death hour had come. The women screamed, the children cried, and the old men began to sing their death songs. Sibley sent the half-breed boy to tell them to keep quiet — that these signs of fear would certainly lead the enemy to attack them.

They calmed down then and spent the rest of the night in anxious silence. In the morning the hostile Indians had gone. Sibley went out to look for their trail and found the snow trampled by many feet. He guessed that fifty or sixty Indians had been there. But apparently they decided that they could not force the barrier to the camp without losing more men than they cared to.

Sibley then chose an active Indian boy about fifteen years old and asked him if he was man enough to follow the trail of the Sioux hunting party. The boy, pleased at being chosen, replied proudly that he was.

"Hasten, then," said Sibley, "and tell the men to return without delay."

The boy went off quickly, and soon after midnight that night returned with the men. He had walked more than eighty miles in eighteen or twenty hours.

After that, when the Indians went off to hunt, they left more men to guard the camp.

When the winter was over each Indian took his furs to his local trader. The trader had furnished him with guns, blankets, and powder and shot on credit in the fall. He gave enough furs to the trader to pay his debt, and then if he had any furs left he bought what he pleased with them.

The Indians bought many trinkets, and paid good prices for them. Looking-glasses costing four cents in St. Louis were sold to the Indians for four muskrat skins, or the value of eighty cents. A pound of tobacco costing the trader twelve cents was sold for eight skins, or $1.60. On other things like guns, knives, and blankets the trader did not make so high a profit, but he sold everything for at least three times what it cost him.

After the trader bought the furs, he turned them over to Sibley at Mendota. Sibley shipped them to Prairie du Chien. From there they were sent to Mackinac. Some of them were sold at Mackinac; others were sent to New York and London. Those that reached London were sold to buyers from all over Europe; and some furs from Minnesota were sold even in China.

THE INDIAN AGENCY

YOU have seen that Fort Snelling served to protect the settlers and the fur traders. It also protected and took care of the Indians. The government sent to the fort an Indian agent to look after the interests of the Sioux.

This agent, Major Lawrence Taliaferro (pronounced *Tolliver*), came to Fort Snelling soon after the troops arrived. He was of Italian descent, but his family had long lived in Virginia. He was a very honest and upright man, though sometimes hard to get on with because he was proud and touchy. He and Colonel Leavenworth did not get on well together, but, after Colonel Snelling came, things went more smoothly.

As Indian agent, Taliaferro had many difficult tasks. One of the first was to win the friendship of the Sioux, many of whom had fought for the British in the War of 1812. Often parties of Sioux came into the fort to talk to their "white father," as they called Taliaferro. Then Taliaferro held councils with them at the council hall, which was one of the buildings at the fort.

At these councils there was much speech-making, at the end of which the agent gave presents to the Indians. He was particularly anxious to persuade the chiefs to

give up to him the British flags and medals in their possession and take American flags and medals instead.

Another thing that Taliaferro tried to do was to get the Sioux to stop their wars with the Chippewa. In this he was not very successful. The Chippewa Indians had their own agent on Lake Superior, but they preferred to come to Fort Snelling. This was because it was much easier to float down the Mississippi than to go across from Sandy Lake to the St. Louis River, over the route that Schoolcraft followed.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Major Lawrence Taliaferro. He was only twenty-five years old when he came to Fort Snelling as Indian agent. This picture was taken many years later.

When the Chippewa came to Fort Snelling, Taliaferro would gather in some of the Sioux chiefs and get the

warriors to smoke the peace pipe together. But such a peace was at best only a truce. Once there was some Indian blood shed under the very walls of Fort Snelling.

This happened just after the principal chiefs had made at the fort a treaty of peace between the two nations. That night some of the Sioux went to the lodge of a Chippewa chief and smoked with him. As they left they turned and fired at their unsuspecting hosts.

The Chippewa fired back, but the Sioux escaped. Then the Chippewa went into the fort for protection. The dead were buried in the cemetery, and the wounded were cared for at the post hospital.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

This was the kind of medal that Taliaferro gave to the Indians. What do the clasped hands represent? Which hand belongs to the white man? Which to the Indian? On the other side of the medal was a picture of the president of the United States.

The next morning Colonel Snelling ordered the troops to go and seize some of the principal Sioux chiefs. This they did, and the chiefs were held at the fort until the Sioux murderers were given up.

In council with the Chippewa, it was decided that the murderers should be punished by death. Some of the best shots among the Chippewa were given rifles, and then one by one the five Sioux murderers were unbound. As each one was freed he started to run to where, some distance off, his tribe stood waiting. If he could get there before he was shot he would be safe.

But none of the five reached safety — each one was shot and killed. In this way Colonel Snelling impressed both the Sioux and the Chippewa with the swift justice of the white man.

Another duty of the Indian agent was to watch the fur traders. This was not an easy task. Each trader to the Sioux was licensed by the agent, and his license might be taken away if he sold liquor to the Indians. Traders' boats had to stop at the fort and have their cargoes looked over by the agent. But "rum-running" was an easy matter in those days, with all the wild uninhabited country to go through.

At first Taliaferro had a good deal of trouble in this matter. Alexis Bailly, at Mendota, was suspected of aiding the traders to get liquor through to the Indians. At one time his post was raided and a large amount of liquor was taken away from him.

When Sibley came as representative of the American Fur Company, he tried to help the Indian agent in his efforts to keep liquor out of the Indian country. Be-

cause Bailly would not do this, he was discharged by the company in 1835, and from that time on fewer fur traders broke the law. Taliaferro respected and liked

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Chippewa Indians. When the Chippewa traveled they carried with them mats of willow bark. To make their shelter they cut long poles, bent them over, and put their willow mats on top of them. The Indian at the left is wearing an American medal.

Sibley, and Sibley in turn spoke highly of the Indian agent.

In time, the people at the fort and Mendota became very friendly with each other. The officers often enter-

tained the traders at little parties, and the traders returned the compliment.

Sibley tells a story about one of these parties. Joseph Laframboise, Alexander Faribault (a son of Jean Baptiste Faribault), and François Labathe were invited to take tea and spend the evening with one of the captains at the fort. Labathe was half French and half Indian and knew more about Indian ways than French ways. Moreover, the only English words he could speak were "Tank you."

Now Indian ideas of politeness demand that you must eat and drink everything that is given you. To leave some meat on a plate or some tea in a cup is an insult to your host. It was a very hot evening in July — the sort of day on which people nowadays would have iced tea or lemonade to drink.

Labathe, with the others, was given a large cup of hot tea. When his cup was empty, the captain's wife said to him, "Mr. Labathe, please take some more tea."

"Tank you, madame," said Labathe — though what he meant was "No, thank you."

So the waiter took Labathe's cup and gave it to the hostess to refill. Labathe managed to swallow all the tea again, and was again asked to have more. "Tank you, madame," was all the poor fellow could say — and again his cup was filled.

In the same way the cup was filled again and again,

until Labathe had drunk seven large cups of hot tea. Faribault and Laframboise meanwhile were almost choking to keep from laughing.

When the hostess said again to him, "Mr. Labathe, will you have some more tea?" his Indian politeness gave way. Rising from his seat he exclaimed in French, "Laframboise, in heaven's name, why don't you tell madame that I don't want any more tea?"

Labathe never heard the last of that joke as long as he lived.

TWO MISSIONARIES AMONG THE SIOUX

IN the spring of 1834 two brothers, Samuel and Gideon Pond, came up to Fort Snelling on the steamboat. No one at the fort expected them, or knew why they had come. Major Bliss, who was then commander of the fort, asked them to explain what they were doing there. Gideon, who was only twenty-three years old, did not dare talk to the major; but Samuel, who was twenty-six, was bolder.

He showed the major a letter of introduction from a man in their home town in Connecticut. Pond explained that he and his brother wanted to teach the Indians about Christianity. They were neither of them regular ministers, nor had they been sent out as missionaries by any church body, but they wanted to help the Indians.

Their first chance to help was a very practical one. The government had sent up plows and teams for the Indians, but the Indians did not know how to use them. So Samuel went to Big Thunder's band at Kaposia, about where South St. Paul is now; and Gideon went to Cloud Man's at Lake Calhoun, six miles northwest of the fort, a lake now in the heart of the city of Min-

neapolis. At these two villages the Connecticut Yankees taught their red brothers how to plow the ground for their crops.

Major Taliaferro, the Indian agent, was delighted with the way in which the Pond brothers pitched in and helped the Indians. He gave them a room at the Indian agency and lent them his interpreter to teach them the Sioux language.

Chief Cloud Man at Calhoun was an unusual Indian. For five or six years he and his people had been growing enough corn to live upon comfortably. Earlier than that, his band, like the other Indians, had lived by hunting and fishing. One winter they were up in the Red River valley hunting buffaloes to keep them alive. A bad snowstorm came and the drifts around their camp were so deep that they could not stir. They had to stay where they were without anything to eat for some time.

Now most Indians would have suffered while they were hungry and have forgotten all about it when they could get food again. But Cloud Man did not forget. He decided that he and his people would raise corn as the white men did, and so would not be in danger of starving if they could not hunt in winter.

Major Taliaferro told the Pond brothers that Cloud Man would be glad to have them near him. So they went to a place on the east side of Lake Calhoun, near

Cloud Man's village, and there they built a two-room log house. This house cost them twelve and a half cents. Major Taliaferro gave them the window, Major Bliss gave them slabs from the sawmill at the falls to make their ceiling, the other wood they cut from the groves near the house — and the twelve and a half cents was spent for nails used in and about the door.

Gideon Pond wrote of this house: "That hut was the home of the first citizen settlers of Hennepin County, perhaps of Minnesota, the first school room, the first house for divine worship, and the first mission station among the Dakota Indians."

Here the brothers settled themselves. They felt that if they cut themselves off from the whites they would learn the Sioux language more quickly. They believed that before they could convert the Indians they would have to know them thoroughly, and that to do this they would have to live among them and speak their language.

Most of the Indians seemed to like the Ponds. The brothers were both over six feet tall and rather slim — they were built much like the Sioux Indians themselves, and this may have made the Indians like them. The Sioux gave them Indian names — Samuel they called "Red Eagle," and Gideon "Grizzly Bear."

But probably what the Indians liked most about the brothers was their good deeds. They were always

ready to care for the sick, to help with any work, to lend tools to the Indians, and to share their food with the hungry.

In 1835 other missionaries to the Sioux arrived, and new stations were opened, one at Lac qui Parle and one on Lake Harriet. The Pond brothers helped with the building of the Lake Harriet mission. After that Gideon went to Lac qui Parle to help the missionaries there to learn the Sioux language, and Samuel stayed at Lake Harriet.

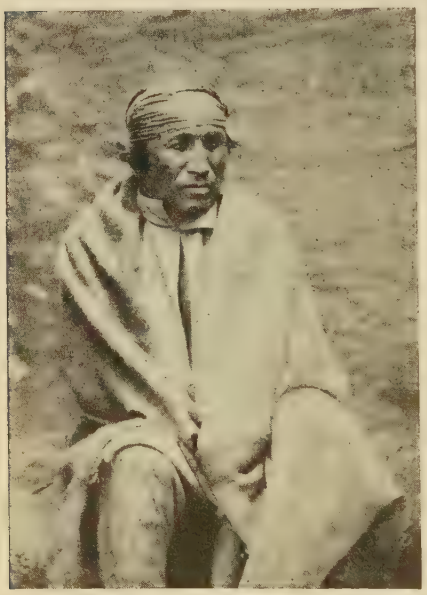
The brothers made a Sioux alphabet, so that the language could be written, and they also made translations of parts of the Bible. At Lac qui Parle Joseph Renville, a well-known trader, had his post; and he helped Gideon with his translations of parts of the New Testament. Each verse to be translated was read to Renville in French; he would then say it in Sioux, and Gideon would write it down.

In the course of time both of the Pond brothers became ministers. Both of them married women connected with the missions. They kept on in the mission work, although only a few Indians were converted.

In 1840 Major Plympton, then in command at Fort Snelling, decided to move Cloud Man's village away from Lake Calhoun. He did this because the village was too near the fort, and when Chippewa Indians came

down to the fort there was almost always trouble between them and the Sioux.

When the Indians were moved away, Gideon Pond built a house at Oak Grove, in the town of Bloomington, and Samuel later went to the Indian village of Shakopee and built a house and church. The brothers were thus about fourteen miles apart. They carried on their mission work diligently and made a few converts, but only a few. They had greater success in teaching Indians and half-breeds to read and write. Later on the men whom they educated became leaders of their tribe; many of them then became Christians and helped to convert others.



Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Chief Shakopee, at whose village Samuel Pond lived.

The Treaty of 1837, which allowed settlers on the land east of the Mississippi, made the work of the missionaries doubly hard. On the east bank of the Mis-

sissippi, in St. Paul and St. Anthony, there settled men who sold whisky to the Indians. It was against the law to take whisky into the Indian country, but no law kept the Indians from going into the white country and buying whisky. Drunkenness quickly increased among them and was another stumblingblock for the missionaries.

When the Sioux were moved up the Minnesota River on to a reservation, the Pond brothers did not follow them. They stayed in Bloomington and Shakopee and became pastors for the early settlers of the region. Their descendants are still living in and near Minneapolis and remember with pride the hardships that their ancestors suffered in a good cause.

CHIPPEWA MISSIONS

WHEN Schoolcraft made his trip to discover Itasca Lake, there was in his party the Reverend Mr. Boutwell, a missionary. Mr. Boutwell went along to look over the ground and decide on a place for a mission to the Chippewa. He chose Leech Lake, because it was in a fairly central location, convenient for the Cass Lake and Red Lake bands as well as for those who lived on Leech Lake.

In 1832, two years before the Pond brothers came to Minnesota, a missionary named Frederick Ayer opened a station on Sandy Lake. The next year Boutwell and the Reverend Mr. Ely were at this station. In 1834, Boutwell and his wife moved to Leech Lake, with the consent of the principal men among the Indians there, and Ely opened a station at Fond du Lac. In 1836, Ayer, who had been for a while at Yellow Lake in Wisconsin, moved his mission to Lake Pokegama in Minnesota.

These missionaries to the Chippewa had to meet the same difficulties that troubled the missionaries to the Sioux. They had the advantage of the Pond brothers in one big thing — the Chippewa language

had already been made a written language by white men, and parts of the Bible had been translated. This was because the white men had come in contact with the Chippewa at Sault Ste. Marie and Mackinac long before they had any dealings with the Sioux.

But the missionaries to the Chippewa were farther away from military protection than were the missionaries to the Sioux. They penetrated through an even more tangled and trackless wilderness. They suffered the same hardships and often felt the pangs of hunger.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

William T. Boutwell. This picture was taken in Stillwater, where Mr. Boutwell lived after his work with the Indians was over.

These difficulties, however, the missionaries considered unimportant. The chief hindrance to their work came from the character of the Indians themselves. The Indians, like the Christians, believed in one great and good god — the Great Spirit, as they called him. But they also were very superstitious and believed in any

The Twenty-Third Psalm in Chippewa

NEMAHNISHTAHNISHE-WENENEEM ahwe Jehovah: kah suh gagoo ningahmuhnazeseen.

Ninkuhwishemooïk emuh akoo-mezhush-kookaug: kuhya nindezhesuhgahbeginik emuh azhetequayaug ewh sabishkahjeje-wung seebeen.

Oodaunjnegeäun enewh ninjechaugwun: kuhya nindezhesuhgahbegenik emuh menoo-ezhewabezewine-meekaunsing oodezhenekа-hzoowin oonje.

Menungakah, ahnahween goo ahgahwa-tasing neboowin bemoosayaun kahween nin-gahsagezese: keen mah keweejewh kemeti-koonseem kuhya kesuhkuhoon nemenoo-daäshkahgoonun.

Kewahwazhetoon mah nindoodoopoowin emuh anahsuhmewaud egewh shaunganeme-jig: kegeseegenuhmow emuh nishtequauning noomenegun; pahzhetabe nemenequahjegun.

Ningahnoopenuhnegoonun dush shah-wanemegoowin kahya keshawahdezewin menik kaähkoobemahdezewaunan: kah-genig dush ningahdah emuh oowegewaum-ing owh Jehovah.

This is the psalm that begins "The Lord is my Shepherd." Can you follow it through? The colons will help you to keep your place.

number of evil spirits. To protect themselves from the evil spirits they wore charms and had their medicine men work spells. The medicine men naturally were opposed to the missionaries, who came among the Indians to say that these evil spirits they believed in did not exist.

So most of the Indians were not willing to be converted by the missionaries, though they were glad to be helped with their farming and to have their children taught to read and write. They liked to sing hymns with the missionaries, too — not so much for the hymns as for the singing. Many nights the missionaries, tired out with a day of teaching and doing farm work, gathered the Indians into their schoolroom and sang with them for an hour or two.

The Indians liked doing this. They liked doing anything, in fact, that did not mean hard work. Laziness was one of their great faults. According to their custom, if a man had any food or property laid up he must share it with those of the tribe who did not have any. Thus there was no object in a man's working hard — he would just be working to help out the loafers of the tribe. The Indians expected the missionaries to give them food if they were hungry, even if they had been too lazy to plant gardens or grow corn.

At Lake Pokegama the missionaries finally managed to make the Indians work. One cold winter, when they

came begging to Mr. Ayer, the missionary in charge, he showed them his ax. He told them that they had refused to help him with his garden that summer, and that if they wanted potatoes now they must work for them as he had. He said he would give a bushel of potatoes for a cord of wood. So the Indians fell to work and chopped and split cordwood to earn their food.

From a painting by Carl Bodmer

This is an Indian medicine man, though not a Chippewa. In his right hand he holds a rattle, which he is shaking to scare away the evil spirits.

The Pokegama mission was the most successful of all the early Chippewa missions, but it did not last long. Like many other hopeful efforts in Minnesota, it failed because of the warfare between the Sioux and the Chippewa.

In 1830 — while Cloud Man's village was still at Lake Calhoun — some Chip-

pewa who had been to Fort Snelling went over to Calhoun and killed Cloud Man's son-in-law from ambush. The whole village was roused, and war parties from it and other bands followed after the Chippewa. On Rum River they caught up with them and, while the men were away, massacred a large number of women and children. At the same time Big Thunder's band of Sioux, who had followed some other Chippewa to the St. Croix, attacked them in Battle Hollow near Stillwater and took bloody revenge on them.

In the spring of 1841, three Chippewa, in an attempt to get even again, ambushed some of the Sioux near Fort Snelling. This time they shot a chief and his son.

Bands of the Sioux soon took up the war again. In May two young Chippewa from the mission station at Pokegama were sent to St. Croix Falls for some provisions. While there they heard that Big Thunder and a party of Sioux were on the way to their village at Pokegama. They started back to warn their friends.

Soon after they left the falls they discovered some Sioux warriors painting themselves up and making ready for battle. They crept past the sentry and came on two young braves, sons of Big Thunder, sitting by a log. Quick as a flash the Chippewa raised their guns and fired. Both the Sioux fell dead. The sentry then fired and mortally wounded one of the Chippewa. The other one fled to Pokegama to warn his people.

Big Thunder's band, disheartened at the death of the chief's two sons, turned back home. But there were other Sioux bands on the warpath.

The mission at Pokegama was on the lakeshore. A few civilized Indians lived near the mission; the rest of the tribe lived on an island opposite. When the news that the Sioux were on the warpath reached the village at Pokegama, three young men set out for Mille Lacs to warn the Chippewa there. They went in a canoe from the island to the mainland and took with them two twelve-year-old girls to take the canoe back to the island.

Just as they were landing a score of Sioux raised the war whoop and fired at the canoe. The young men jumped out and ran for the woods, escaping safely. Frightened out of their wits, the girls jumped out and began wading into the lake. The Sioux warriors rushed into the water after them and killed them.

From the island the Chippewa could hear the screams of the children. The fathers of the two girls then set out in a canoe and landed on shore unseen. With their canoe as protection, they fired on the Sioux until the Sioux charged toward them. Then they launched the canoe again. One lay on his back in the bottom of the canoe; the other swam and drew the canoe after him. The Sioux shot again and again at the swimmer, but whenever he saw them aim he put his head under water

and waited until he heard the guns go off. Then he put his head out and breathed again.

After a fight of two hours, mostly with the Christian Indians near the mission, the Sioux retreated with two of their men killed. The Chippewa had lost the two girls in the battle. This battle was important, not because of the number of lives lost, but because it convinced the Chippewa that the village at Pokegama was too near the Sioux country to be safe. They therefore left the village and went to live with their people near Lake Superior.

Thus the promising start that the Pokegama mission had made toward civilizing the Indians came to nothing, and the mission was abandoned.

FIRST SETTLEMENTS IN THE ST. CROIX VALLEY

BEFORE the year 1837, no white man could own land in Minnesota. The settlers and traders who were here had built houses but did not own the land on which the houses stood. They were "squatters," either on the government military reservation at Fort Snelling or on land belonging to the Indians.

About this time the people in Wisconsin began to urge the government to open the western part of the territory to settlers. The territory of Wisconsin included the land between the St. Croix and the Mississippi rivers, although this later became a part of Minnesota.

In order to open the region for settlement the government made two treaties with the Indians. One treaty, with the Chippewa, was made at Fort Snelling. The other was made at the city of Washington with a party of Sioux chiefs whom Major Taliaferro took there.

In the treaties the Indians gave up their claims to lands east of the Mississippi and as far north as the mouth of the Crow Wing River. In return, the government gave them money and presents and promised to

give them "annuities" — that is, yearly payments of money, goods, and food. The government felt that this was the best way to pay the Indians, because if they got all their money at once they would squander

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Logs and "wannagans" on the St. Croix River about 1890. The "wannagans" were floating kitchens for the lumbermen.

it all and then have nothing left.

Some men in Minnesota had had their eyes on the St. Croix Valley for several years. They wanted the timber that grew in the valley. At that time the banks of the

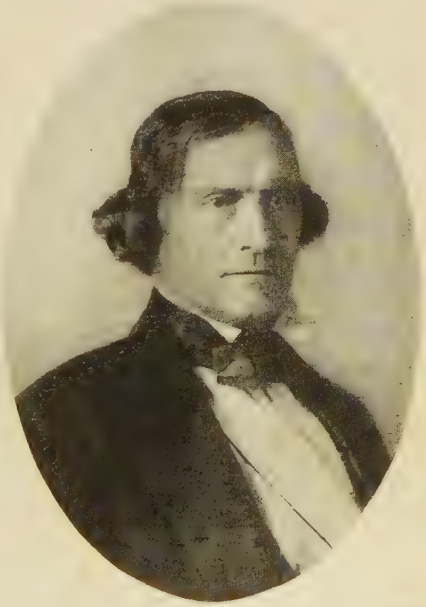
upper St. Croix were covered with beautiful pines. On the very day when the treaty with the Chippewa was made at Fort Snelling, a party of men set out in a birch bark canoe to stake a claim on the banks of the St. Croix. Franklin Steele, who was to become a well-known citizen of the state, was one of this party. They paddled down the Mississippi and up the St. Croix, and reached the falls of the St. Croix at noon of the day after they had left Fort Snelling.

They staked their claims on the side of the river across from where Taylor's Falls now stands. They took enough land so that they could control the water-power of the falls, and they planned to build a sawmill there. Steele then went to St. Louis to form a lumber company. In the summer of the next year — 1838 — this company sent the first steamboat up the St. Croix. It landed at the falls and unloaded men, machinery, and supplies, to make the first sawmill on the river.

In the fall of 1838 two men from Marine, Illinois, went up the St. Croix River and chose the spot where Marine, Minnesota, now stands, as a good place for a mill. In the summer of 1839 the mill was built, and it sawed the first lumber in the valley.

Stillwater, the largest town in the St. Croix Valley, was not really begun till 1844. Joseph R. Brown, whom you will remember as one of the early settlers at Mendota, had a log house near the site of Stillwater in

1840, but there were no other settlers for four years. Then a sawmill was built and the men who worked in the mill came to live there. This was one of the best places for a mill on the river. The waterpower was not large, but it was easier to handle the logs on Lake St. Croix, in the still water than in the swift water of the river above.



Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society
Joseph R. Brown.

After the logs were sawed up, the lumber was made into rafts and floated down the lake to the Mississippi and then down that river to towns that needed the lumber. Some of it even went as far as St. Louis. Stillwater became a thriving town — and for some years people thought that it would be the biggest city in Minnesota.

An early settler of Stillwater has given an account of an old-time ball there, which shows the way in which people amused themselves then.

The account begins by telling about the hotel in which the dance was held: "Anson Northrup kept what we called a first class hotel. If a man had blankets he could spread them upon the floor and sleep till the bell rang. If he had none he spread him-

From a painting by Henry Lewis

Looking up the St. Croix River from its mouth. The lumber raft in the front of the picture has been fitted with sails to make it float faster. The house at the right, with a fence around it, may be a trading post. It is on the Wisconsin side of the river.

self on the floor and paid for his lodging by tending stove and keeping the dogs from fighting. It was one of the aristocratic rules of the house that a man who slept in blankets was not to be disturbed by dogs."

When Northrup decided to give a dance in the hotel,

he sent a half-breed Indian boy to invite everyone in town. Everyone went except one man. It was said that this man had bet another man that he could lift up a barrel of whisky and drink from the bunghole, and as he tried to do this the barrel slipped and broke his leg. So he could not go to the dance.

The music at the ball was provided by a half-breed from St. Croix Falls, who played an old violin with three strings. The only tune he could play, however, was one called "Off She Goes to Miramachee." Whenever the dancers asked for a different tune, he said "Oh, yes, gentlemen, you shall have him" — but he struck up the same old tune again.

There were twenty-four couples at the ball. The women brought their babies with them — fourteen in all, from six weeks to six months old — and these were all put on one bed to sleep. When it was time to leave, the mothers picked up their children hurriedly and went their ways. It was not until they got home that they discovered that some one during the dance had mixed the babies up and changed their wraps, so that each woman had taken some one else's child.

Altogether, however, in spite of this trick and of the fiddler's having only one tune, everyone enjoyed the ball. In the frontier life of the time, when men and women worked hard from dawn till dark, it took less to amuse them than it does nowadays.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ST. PAUL

YOU have read how some of the people who came from the Red River country had settled on the military reservation near Fort Snelling. When Major Plympton took command at the fort in 1837, he did not like this state of affairs. He said that the settlers were using up too much wood, and that in a few years it would be hard to get enough fuel for the garrison. Of course the buildings at the fort were at this time heated by wood-burning stoves and by fireplaces. The major also complained that the settlers' cattle got into the fort and caused trouble.

Finally he ordered the settlers to move off the reservation. Now the reservation was not marked out at this time. It was known, however, that it extended across the river opposite the fort. So the settlers, to be safe, moved across the river and down two or three miles to a place that they thought must be outside the reservation.

One reason why they thought so was that a man named Parrant had already settled there, beside a brook that ran out of a cave called Fountain Cave. This man Parrant was not a worthy character. He made his

living by selling whisky to Indians and soldiers. For this reason he wanted to be as near the reservation as he could without being on it. Thus the government could not put him off, and the soldiers who wanted whisky could sneak out and get it easily.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Fountain Cave.

Because he had one blind eye with a peculiar squint, Parrant was nicknamed "Pig's Eye," and was better known by this name than by his real name. Just down the river from his land claim, the settlers who were put off the reservation staked new claims and built cabins. If they had been wiser they would have remembered the proverb that tells a man to keep out of bad company, and they would not have settled so near to old Pig's Eye.

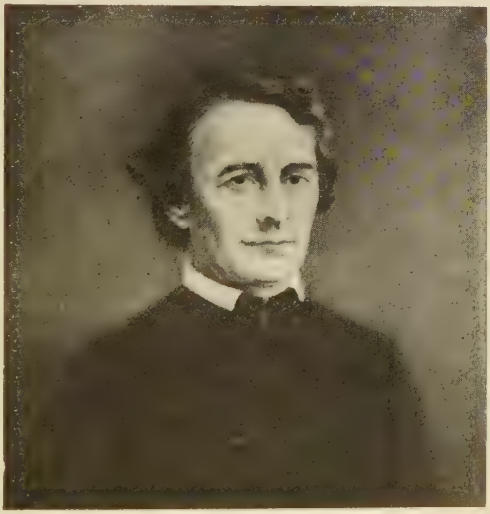
The officers of the fort naturally did not want a whisky seller's place so close to the fort. The soldiers who got liquor there were often made unfit for duty by their drunken sprees. In the winter they sometimes stumbled and fell in the snow on the way back to the fort. Then unless some one happened to find them they lay in drunken sleep until they froze to death.

In 1837 Major Plympton had received orders from Washington to mark out the limits of the reservation. Now, in 1839, when he made ready to send his map to Washington, he decided to put a stop to Parrant's whisky selling. So he ran the line in such a way as to include Parrant's shack and the neighboring cabins in the reservation limits.

When the settlers learned that the reservation had been extended to include their new farms they were angry. They felt that it was very hard if for a second time all the work they had done on their land and buildings was to be thrown away. They sent protests to the government at Washington about it.

But their protests did no good. In the spring of 1840 a United States marshal was sent up from Prairie du Chien with orders to get the settlers off the reservation, using the help of the soldiers if necessary. When he arrived he went to the settlers and told them that they must move out. But they did not pay any attention to him. They would not move.

Finally he called on Major Plympton for the soldiers. A lieutenant and a number of men were assigned for the work. Neither the marshal nor the soldiers enjoyed their task, but they had to go through with it. While the settlers stood by and looked on, the soldiers carried out their furniture and belongings and set them outside the little cabins, burned the cabins, and destroyed barns and outbuildings.



From a painting by Falkenshield. Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Father Galtier, who named the city of St. Paul.

There was nothing that the settlers could do to stop this. With heavy hearts they went away, driving their flocks with them and carrying their few household goods. Some miles down the river they stopped and staked out other claims and built new houses. The land they settled on is now in the heart of the city of St. Paul.

Pig's Eye went along with the other settlers and built another cabin near the river, where he still continued

to sell whisky, though not so much to the soldiers. Because of his presence there the whole settlement became known as Pig's Eye. This was not a good name for a future great city and luckily it was soon changed.

From a painting by Alexis Fournier

The chapel of St. Paul's. In this log chapel were held the first church services within the present city of St. Paul.

A little before the settlers had been moved from the neighborhood of Fountain Cave, a Catholic priest, the Reverend Lucian Galtier, had been sent to Mendota. Father Galtier was a Frenchman. Because most of the fur company's employees at Mendota were French and most of the Swiss settlers spoke French it was well to

have a French priest there. Though Father Galtier lived at Mendota he visited the Catholic families down the river at Pig's Eye, and soon it was decided to put up a church there.

In the fall of 1841 a little log chapel was erected, on land given by two settlers, Vital Guerin and Benjamin Gervais. Father Galtier dedicated the chapel to St. Paul, and said that he hoped the settlement would take that name. When steamboats began to land below the chapel the place became known as St. Paul's Landing, then as St. Paul's, and finally St. Paul.

As a humorous newspaper man wrote, some ten years later,

> "Pig's Eye, converted thou shalt be, like Saul;
> Arise, and be, henceforth, Saint Paul!"

THE BEGINNINGS OF MINNEAPOLIS

MANY of the people who were in the Minnesota region in early days knew that beside the Falls of St. Anthony a great city would some day grow up. There was large water power at the falls for mills, and the river could carry the product of the mills to other towns and cities.

Therefore many men looked longingly at the falls and wished to own the land around them. At that time the owner of the land along a stream owned the water power rights out to the middle of the stream. When the Fort Snelling reservation was marked out, it took in the land on the west side of the falls but not that on the east. Whoever settled on the east side would own the water power on that side. But for some years the land on the east side belonged to the Indians, and whites were not allowed to settle there.

In July, 1838, word came to Fort Snelling that the Senate had approved the treaty of 1837 with the Sioux. This meant that the United States government now owned the land on the east side of the falls. The word reached the fort late one evening. Major Plympton went to bed that night, determined to go up to the falls early next morning and stake out a claim. In the

morning he went up on the west side of the river and crossed over to the east bank.

But much to his surprise he saw a shanty already built on the land he had planned to occupy. As he walked toward it, Franklin Steele, the storekeeper at Fort Snelling, came out and invited him in to breakfast. Steele had gone up to the falls in the night, staked his claim, and built his shanty. The major had to admit his defeat and had to be satisfied with a breakfast as a reward for his early morning trip, instead of the valuable water power he had hoped to get.

Franklin Steele.

Steele held on to his claim until 1848, when the land was offered for sale, and then he bought it from the government. At this time he also got the whole of Nicollet Island. The year before, he had built a saw mill on his land.

Around this mill the town of St. Anthony, as it was then called, grew up. Lumbermen came to work at

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

The Falls of St. Anthony about 1867. The towers in the background are the supports of the first bridge between Minneapolis and St. Anthony. It was a suspension bridge, built in 1854.

the mill, farmers came to raise food for the lumbermen to eat, and storekeepers came to supply the needs of both farmers and lumbermen. Many of the early settlers of St. Anthony came from New England, espe-

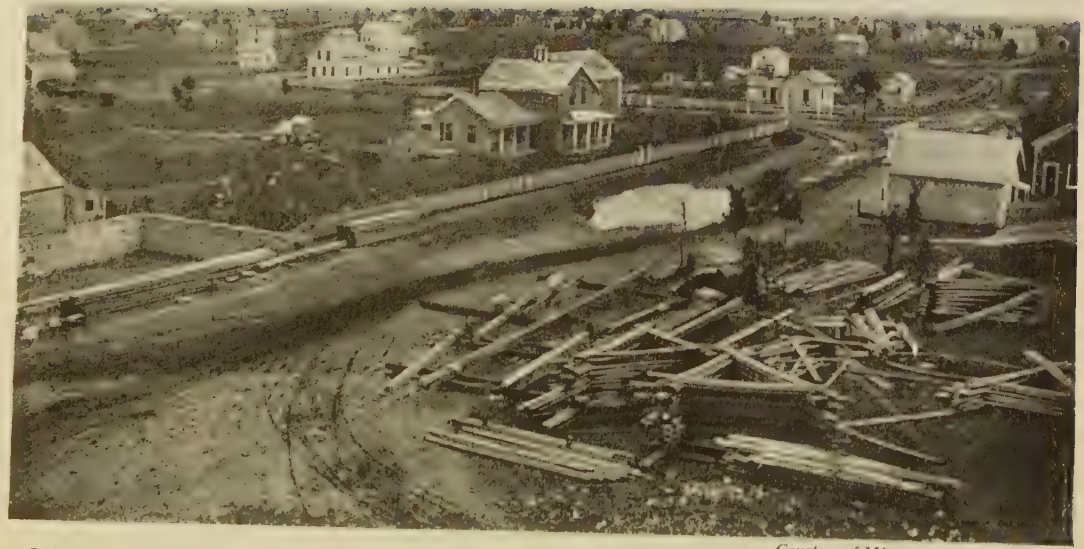
cially from Maine. Men who had cut timber on the banks of the short and rapid rivers of that state now

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

The Ard Godfrey house. When this house was built there was only one other frame house in St. Anthony. All the others were log cabins. This house is now in Richard Chute Park. The Hennepin County Territorial Pioneers maintain it as a museum.

came to the West, to follow their trade on the banks of the great Mississippi.

The earliest settlers of the town always had a helping hand ready for newcomers. A slab house called the



Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Minneapolis in 1857. The lumber at the front of the picture is on the corner of Second Avenue South and Washington Avenue.

"Strangers' House" stood near the falls. It was large enough to hold two families. When a new family came to town, they were welcome to go to that house and live until they could build a house for themselves. The early settlers brought with them slips of house plants — geraniums, fuchsias, and the like. They grew these in pots in the windows of their houses. They all had slips of these plants started and ready to give to new families moving into the town.

The land on the west side of the river, where the main part of the city of Minneapolis now stands, was part of the Fort Snelling reservation until 1852. Before that time, however, some settlers had gone over the river and "squatted" on the land. Some of these had permission from the war department or the Fort Snelling authorities, and some did not.

The first house built by a settler on the west side of the river was put up by Colonel John H. Stevens in 1847. It stood where the Great Northern Railroad station is now. Stevens soon had some neighbors, and a little settlement grew up along the west bank of the river.

In 1855 the government permitted the settlers to buy their land at the regular price of $1.25 an acre. People then could own their claims, and they built more permanent dwellings. For some years afterward, however, the people living at St. Anthony could laugh at

the idea that the town across the river would ever grow bigger than their town. If anyone had told them that Minneapolis would grow to be the largest city of the state and that St. Anthony would lose its name and become a part of Minneapolis, they would not have believed it.

THE TREATY OF TRAVERSE DES SIOUX

WHEN Wisconsin became a state and entered the union, the section of Minnesota lying between the St. Croix and the Mississippi rivers was left out in the cold. It had been a part of Wisconsin Territory, but was not included in the new state. About a year later, in 1849, Congress passed a bill organizing Minnesota Territory.

The governor of the new territory, appointed by President Taylor, was Alexander Ramsey. In May of 1849 he arrived in Minnesota from his native state of Pennsylvania. There was no place for him to stay in St. Paul; so Sibley invited him to stay at his house in Mendota. Ramsey lived there for a month, and then he and his family were taken to St. Paul in a birch bark canoe, and they moved into a house that had been prepared for them.

Ramsey was governor of a huge territory, extending west to the Missouri River and north to the Canadian boundary. But the only part of the territory where white men could settle was the triangle of land between the St. Croix and the Mississippi and south of the upper

end of Mille Lacs. The settlers did not like this state of affairs and neither did Governor Ramsey. People began to urge the government to make a treaty with the Indians by which the land west of the Mississippi might be opened to settlement.

Alexander Ramsey.

In 1851 Governor Ramsey and another official were ordered by the president to negotiate with the Indians for the sale of their lands. They decided to make two treaties. One was to be made with the "upper Sioux," that is, the Sioux living along the Minnesota River above Shakopee and on Lake Traverse. The other was to be made with the "lower Sioux," those living lower down the Minnesota and on the Mississippi and Cannon rivers. The upper Sioux were more willing to sell their lands than the lower Sioux were; so it was decided to make the treaty with the former first.

Late in June, 1852, the treaty commissioners and a party of men went by steamboat up the Minnesota to meet the Indians at the Traverse des Sioux, near where the town of St. Peter now stands. The Indians were in no hurry to meet the white men, and it was almost three weeks before there were enough of them gathered together to go on with the treaty.

Meanwhile, those Indians who did appear had a very good time of it. They had nothing to do but sit around, smoke, play games, and eat; and they did all these things with pleasure. The beef, pork, and hardtack that the whites had brought with them and that seemed to them not very good food made a feast for the Indians. They were happy to get regular meals without the trouble and uncertainty of hunting or fishing.

To pay for their food they entertained the whites with various games and dances. One evening the squaws played the game of *la crosse* for the white men. This was the Indians' favorite ball game. It is played something like hockey, only with a ball instead of a puck, and the long sticks have a pocket at the end in which the player catches and holds the ball as he runs for his opponents' goal.

Then there were many dances of various sorts that the Indians performed for the whites, and sham battles and sham buffalo hunts. Altogether, it was a sort of wild west show, with even more excitement for the

audience because there were only about thirty white men there and the number of Indians grew until there were more than one thousand present.

When most of the bands who were to make the treaty had at last arrived, business began. A great council

From a painting by George Catlin

Indians in costume for a ball game. They are holding la crosse sticks in their hands.

hall or pavilion had been built on high ground overlooking the river. It was open on all sides and was made by planting posts in the ground and roofing them over with boughs of trees with the leaves left on. Thus it provided shade from the hot July sun, and was open to any wind that might blow.

Under this green roof gathered the white men and the chiefs and headmen of the Sioux bands. There was much speech-making on both sides. Some of the Indians did not want to make a treaty. Others asked for their lands a price that the commissioners knew the government would not pay.

At last, however, a sale was agreed on. The older chiefs knew quite well that they could not refuse what the white men asked. They knew that the flood of white settlers could not be stopped by the Indians' refusal to sell their land. So their advice was to get as good a price as possible, and sell the white man what he would take by force if he did not buy it.

On July 23, 1852, the treaty was signed. Each chief as he signed the treaty made a short speech. Chief Curly Head made perhaps the best remark of all. "Fathers," he said, "you think it is a great deal of money you are giving for this land. I do not think so, for both our lands and all we get for them will belong to the white man. The money comes to us but will all go to the white men who trade with us."

As a matter of fact, the white men were buying the land very cheap. They got almost 24,000,000 acres in Minnesota, South Dakota, and Iowa at a cost of about seven cents an acre. But the last part of Curly Head's speech was true enough — the money went from the Indians into the pockets of the traders.

From a painting by Frank B. Mayer. Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

The treaty of Traverse des Sioux. An Indian chief is shaking Governor Ramsey's hand. Another is at the table, signing the treaty.

Of course, not much of the money was paid outright. There were to be annual payments in goods and food as well as in cash, and schools were to be opened among the Indians. The Indians agreed to settle on a reservation extending ten miles back from each bank of the Minnesota River and running from Lake Traverse to where the Yellow Medicine flows into the Minnesota.

From a drawing by A. Anderson. Courtesy of Hubbard Milling Co.
The Minnesota River at the Traverse des Sioux.

By a treaty at Mendota, made right after the treaty of Traverse des Sioux, the lower Sioux gave up their claims to the same land. They were to live along the Minnesota River on a reservation that ran for sixty miles down the river below that of the upper Sioux. With the exception of these reservations, all the Sioux lands in Minnesota were given up to the white people.

Thus was opened for settlement the great prairie region of Minnesota. There lay the land of promise, awaiting the plows and the labor of the farmers. And the farmers were not slow to come.

HOW HANS MATTSON GOT HIS FARM

THIS is the true story of an immigrant to Minnesota. It is like that of many other immigrants who went out into the prairie country after the treaties of Traverse des Sioux and Mendota opened the land to settlement.

In the month of August, 1853, Hans Mattson stood on the deck of a Mississippi River steamboat as it neared the landing at St. Paul. Mattson had come from Sweden. He was among the first of the Scandinavian settlers who have done so much to build up the state of Minnesota. He and his brother-in-law and a few others had left a large party of Swedes in Illinois and had come to Minnesota to see the prospects for settlement here.

In St. Paul they learned that quite a few Swedes had settled at Chisago Lake, but that this was in the forested country. To clear the forest land for a farm meant a great deal of labor. It took twenty years to make a farm out of the woodland, and only five to make one on prairie land.

What Mattson wanted was a place where there was prairie land with timber near by. He needed the wood

for his cabin and for fuel and fences, but he wanted the prairie for his farm. He heard that near the town of Red Wing there was land with both timber and prairie; so he and his party set out for that place. Mattson, who had been in America two years, was the only one of the party who could speak English. They arrived at Red Wing and on looking over the near-by country decided to settle in what is now the town of Vasa, about twelve miles west of Red Wing.

Mattson decided to stay with two other Swedes, who wanted to go to their claims that fall and do as much work as they could before winter set in. At Red Wing — then a little town with half a dozen families — these men bought a tent, tools, and provisions. Then they started out for the claims.

The first thing that they did when they had chosen a place to spend the winter was to cut the prairie grass until they had a big stack of wild hay for their oxen to eat. They had read about prairie fires, and they did not want their haystack destroyed. So they decided to protect the hay by burning the short stubble around the stack. But a minute after they had set fire to the stubble they found out their mistake. The fire raced across the stubble, burned up their stack of hay, and then burned most of the grass in the valley where they had camped. Instead of preventing a prairie fire, they had started one!

From a drawing by J. M. Stanley. Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

St. Paul, as Hans Mattson saw it in 1853. The building with the dome, at the right of the picture, is the territorial capitol, which later became the first state capitol.

The next morning they set out to find more grass, and luckily found some two miles away. Here they cut and put up another stack of hay. Then they built a log cabin. When they had finished that job, Mattson's brother-in-law, Mr. Willard, appeared in camp. This man had been a school-teacher in Sweden, but because of his ignorance of English he had had to do day labor in St. Paul. He found that ditch digging was too hard work, and so he took his wife and baby to Red Wing and set out to find the farmers.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Colonel Hans Mattson, in his Civil War uniform.

After talking things over, he and Mattson decided to go back to Red Wing and see what work they could get there. They had between them some furniture, a little food, and five dollars and fifty cents in cash. That was all, except the willingness to work and the determination to own farms in this new country.

The two men soon found work chopping cordwood

about three miles above Red Wing. They worked for a man who had made a contract to have 1500 cords of wood cut for the Mississippi River steamboats to burn the next year. Mrs. Willard and the baby went with them, and they set up their home in a woodchopper's

From a painting by Henry Lewis

Loading wood on a Mississippi River steamboat.

cabin. Later on, four Norwegians joined them. These men slept in another cabin but ate their meals with Mattson and the Willards. The money they paid for their board increased the savings of the Swedish family.

The next March, when the weather turned warmer, Mattson and the Willards left the cabin in which they

had lived all winter, and went to Red Wing. Here they spent most of their money for household goods. One fine day they started out again, with all their belongings loaded on a hired wagon. They had bought boards, window sash, nails, tools, a stove, and a small supply of food. The snow was almost gone, and the wagon wheels sank deep in the soft soil of the prairie. It was slow going, but the immigrants were happy. They were at last starting out to build their new home in the new country.

When they reached the place where they had decided to settle, they put up a shelter made like an Indian tepee, with poles covered by blankets. In this they lived while they built their log cabin. Two of their Norwegian friends had gone with them to help them build. After two days the rear part of the cabin was roofed over, and the family moved into it. Then the others went back to Red Wing, leaving Willard and Mattson to finish the main part of the cabin.

In April of that year the weather turned cold again, and it was very late in the season before the ice in the Mississippi broke up and the steamboats could get through. After the first of April there was no flour nor meat left for sale in Red Wing. For two weeks the immigrant family lived on a peck of potatoes, a small panful of flour, four quarts of beans, and what squirrels or other small game they could manage to shoot.

Finally Mattson started out for Red Wing. He wanted to get provisions if possible. Also he knew that the food which was left would last longer if the Willards alone were there to eat it.

Courtesy of Paul J. Thompson

A pioneer log cabin near Winona. It is still in use as a dwelling.

Three days later a steamboat arrived in Red Wing, and the supplies it brought were taken to the store for sale. Mattson bought a smoked ham, thirty pounds of flour, a gallon of molasses, some coffee, salt, and sugar. He strapped all this in a pack, and with seventy pounds of food on his back he started to walk the fourteen

miles home. He left toward evening and arrived that night at the cabin, much to the joy of his sister and her husband.

That was the beginning of better times for them. They had to work hard after that, but they always had food enough and a roof over their heads. Other Swedes came up from Illinois and settled near by, making a little community of neighbors. They all worked hard and helped one another until the prairie land began to yield its crops and no one was in need any more.

PIONEER CHILDREN

IN the days when the pioneers were making homes and farms in the wilderness, their children led a different sort of life from that of children to-day. The houses had only one or, at the most, two rooms. Many of the houses were not built so well as the log cabin that Mattson and Willard put up, because many of the settlers had no money at all to spend.

Sometimes a house was dug out of a hillside, a sort of cave, with earth walls on three sides and logs across the front. This kind of house was roofed with logs and branches of trees plastered over with mud. Sometimes sod was put on top of the roof to help keep the rain out.

Other cabins were made of logs and roofed with strips of bark or with cornstalks or poplar poles, which let the water drip down inside whenever it rained. Often there was no stove nor chimney at first, and the cooking was done outdoors in summer and indoors on flat stones in the winter. Then the cabin was as smoky as an Indian wigwam, and all the family coughed and sneezed and wiped their eyes at mealtimes.

Pioneer children had to do a good deal of work. Two boys, nine and thirteen years old, made all the furniture for their father's cabin in Fillmore County in

1851. When the cabin was built, beams were fitted in between the logs, about a foot above the floor, for beds. To these beams the boys fastened poplar poles, for bedsprings, and on top of the poles they put a tick filled with wild hay and cornstalk leaves.

When they wanted to make a chair they cut a round slice from the end of a big basswood log. They split the circle in half, and one half made the seat of the chair and the other the back. For the legs of the chair they used short pieces of young poplar trees, fitted into holes bored in the seat of the chair. They had to use wooden pegs to fasten the back of the chair to the seat, as they had no nails. The table was made of flat slabs of wood.

Children did many other things to help their parents. When the seeds were planted and sprouting, they stood guard in the fields to keep squirrels and birds away; and again at harvest time they had to shout and beat pans with sticks or wave cloths in the air to keep the blackbirds from eating all the grain.

For three years in succession the grasshoppers visited some sections of the state and ate all the crops. The first year they came flying in a great bronze cloud, and when they lit they ate every green thing in sight, and even the roots of the young wheat spears. In the next two years the grasshoppers hatched out from eggs left in the ground. In the third year Nicollet County

offered to pay three cents for every bushel of grasshoppers. One little boy, only four years old, caught enough of them with a net to buy himself a two-dollar pair of shoes.

Except in the grasshopper years there were many kinds of wild fruit and berries, which the children picked. There were crab apples and plums, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, and gooseberries growing wild — and, in the northern part of the state, blueberries. Part of the work of the pioneer children was to gather these berries and fruits. Then the busy mother made them into preserves and jams.

From a drawing by A. Anderson. Courtesy of Hubbard Milling Co.

The first schoolhouse at Mankato. Thousands of men who were to build up the state of Minnesota got their early education in schoolhouses like this.

As soon as there were families enough in any district of the state, a school was established. School was held only in the winter months, when the children could be spared from the work at home. Usually the school was a log cabin, heated by a big stove in the middle. The children nearest the stove were too hot, and those by the walls were too cold ; so they had to change places often.

Sometimes the children looked up from their school work to see the faces of Indians gazing in at them through the window. Once, in a schoolhouse near St. Anthony, the teacher looked at the window and saw, instead of the friendly faces of the neighboring Sioux Indians, a group of Chippewa looking in. They carried guns and seemed quite fierce. The teacher went on hearing the lessons, and then she had the children sing. This delighted the Indians. They liked the singing, and they thought the teacher was a brave white squaw. After school was over she took a geography book and went out and showed the Indians the pictures in it. This pleased them, too; and finally they went away with friendly looks.

When the pioneer children were not working or going to school there were many other things that they could do. They could watch the birds building their nests, wade in the brooks, fish, and set traps for small game. Great flocks of wild pigeons and wild ducks used to fly overhead in the spring and the fall. There were so many of them that they darkened the sun, and the noise of their wings was as loud as the sound of a railroad train.

Then the children would set up nets to catch the birds, or would shoot them. To save the expense of bullets, they used dried peas for shot, and these worked very well on small birds. Wild game and birds

furnished the only meat the early settlers had to eat, as they could not afford to kill cattle for food. Many grew tired of eating venison and prairie chicken and duck — just as nowadays people sometimes get tired of bacon or hamburg steak.

So the life of the pioneer children offered them many things to do. They worked more than they played, but it was mostly good healthful work in the open air. And they were glad to do it because it helped the family in making a home out of the wilderness.

HOW MINNESOTA BECAME A STATE

MORE and more settlers came into the territory of Minnesota, in the eighteen fifties. Like Hans Mattson, most of them were drawn here by the chance to get good farms for very little money. Many of these settlers were from the eastern states, but many others came from Germany, Ireland, Norway, and Sweden. The first who came settled near the rivers — the Mississippi and the Minnesota and the streams that flow into them. When the land near the rivers was taken up and when roads were laid out, the later immigrants settled farther away from the streams.

As more people came into the territory, they began to feel that Minnesota ought to become a state. As long as it remained a territory it had only one delegate to Congress and no vote in the affairs of the nation. If it became a state, it would have two senators and one or more representatives, and these men could vote in Congress.

In February, 1857, Congress passed an "Enabling Act" for Minnesota. This act was so called because it enabled the people of the territory to make a state con-

stitution. The constitution was then to be voted on by the people, and if they approved it Congress might admit the new state to the Union.

In June, 1857, the voters in the territory elected delegates who were to meet in July to make the state constitution.

From a drawing by A. Anderson. Courtesy of Hubbard Milling Co.

Pioneers and a covered wagon. The horseman in the front of the picture is keeping a sharp lookout.

Some of the delegates were Republicans and some were Democrats. When the delegates gathered in St. Paul, each party wanted to manage the constitutional convention. As the convention met, two men, one from each party, tried to be chairman and run the meeting. The Democratic half of the convention voted to adjourn, and immediately the Democrats left. The Republican half stayed in session. Each group claimed

that it was the real convention, and each began to draw up a constitution for the state.

But before long the delegates began to cool off a little. They realized that it would look very foolish to ask the people to vote on two constitutions.

So each party chose a committee and the two committees got together and drew up a single constitution. Two copies of this were made and one of them was adopted by each group of delegates. In the election nearly all the people voted to adopt the constitution and on May 11, 1858, Congress admitted Minnesota to the Union.

The first state officers were chosen at the election at which the constitution was adopted. Alexander Ramsey ran for governor as a Republican against Henry Hastings Sibley, Democrat. These two were close personal friends and were two of the most distinguished men in the state. Sibley was elected in a close contest and became the first governor of the state.

During the next two years the slavery question, which was in the end to lead to the Civil War, grew more important in the nation and hence in Minnesota. There was a great deal of antislavery feeling in this state. The Republican party had been organized to oppose the spread of slavery to any of the territory not yet organized as states. The German and Scandinavian immigrants all looked with horror on negro slavery, and

when they chose their political party they naturally joined the Republicans.

In the election of 1859 Ramsey was again the Republican candidate for governor. He ran against George L. Becker, a man less well known and less popular than Sibley. Ramsey won the governorship this time, and Minnesota sent a Republican senator and two Republican representatives to Congress. Thus the new state lifted its voice in the affairs of the nation and spoke out against the spread of slavery.

THE SIOUX OUTBREAK

THE new state of Minnesota had a very exciting time in the first few years of its life. When it entered the Union the country was drifting rapidly toward civil war. In April, 1861, the southern troops took Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor. This was the first act of open warfare.

Governor Ramsey was in Washington at the time, and he immediately offered the war department a thousand men from his state. These men left Minnesota to join the army in June, 1861. Within a year, four other regiments had been sent to war from Minnesota. And then, after all these men had gone away to war, Minnesota had a war within its borders — the Sioux Indian uprising.

There were several reasons why the Indians made war on the whites at this time. They had had bad crops the year before, and they were hungry. On their narrow reservations along the upper Minnesota River there was not enough game to feed them all. In the spring of 1862 they gathered at the Indian agencies, expecting the money and food and goods that were paid them each year under the treaties of Traverse des

Sioux and Mendota. The money for the payments had not arrived, and the Indian agent thought he ought not to give out the food and supplies without the money too. He finally did give out some food, after the Indians threatened him.

The Indians thought he was afraid of them because he first refused them and then yielded to them. They knew about the Civil War going on between the white men, and they thought that the Great Father was not strong enough to resist the Indians any more. They thought that the gold had not been sent because the Great Father was too poor to pay them. And all the time they were hungry. They began to think that if they could get back the land they had sold to the white men and could hunt and fish all over it again they would have enough to eat.

Their troubles were made worse when the traders refused to sell them any more food on credit. The traders said they had already sold as much food as the Indians could pay for when they got their money. Finally the agent held council with the Indians and the traders.

Little Crow, the chief of the Kaposia band and leader of the Sioux, spoke up in council and said: "We have waited a long time. The money is ours, but we cannot get it. We have no food, but here are these stores, filled with food. We ask that you, the agent, make

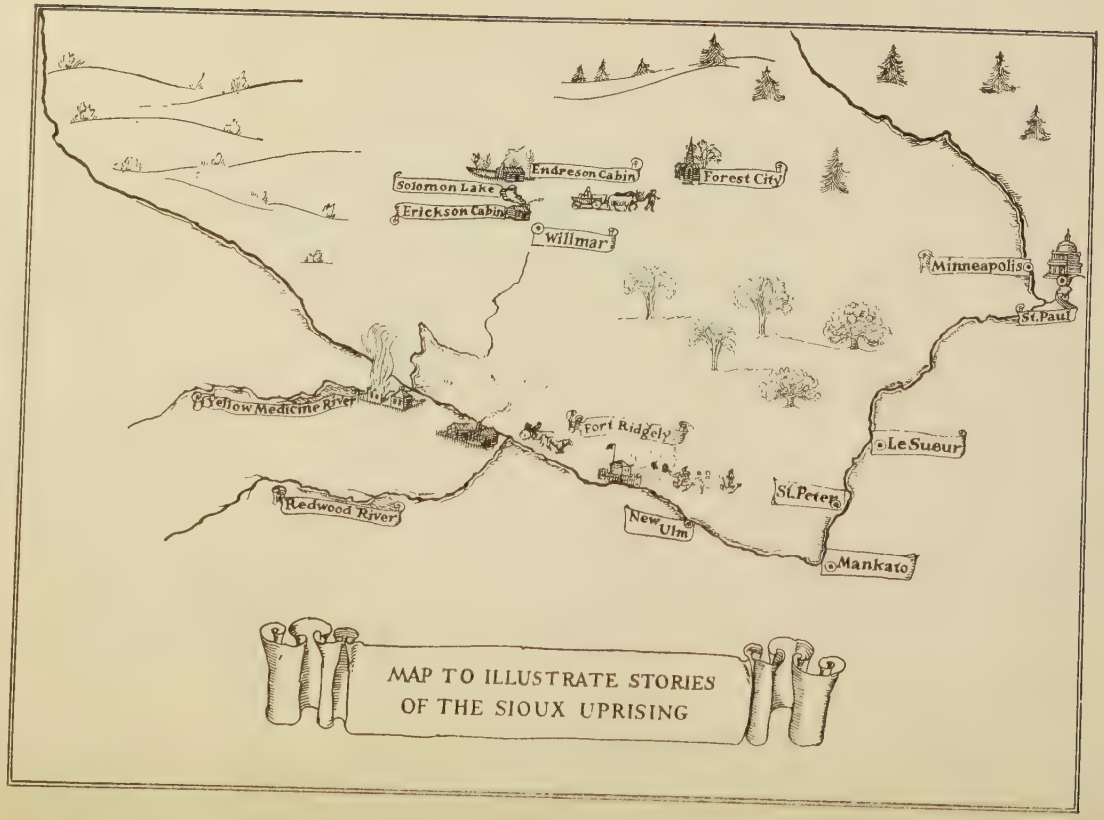
some arrangement by which we can get food from the stores, or else we may take our own way to keep ourselves from starving. When men are hungry, they help themselves."

The agent asked the traders what they would do, and one of them replied, "If they are hungry, let them eat grass." Three days later when the Indians attacked the whites this trader was one of the first to be killed. When a burial party of soldiers found his body, his mouth had been stuffed with the grass he told the Indians to eat.

From a painting by T. W. Wood

Little Crow.

At the beginning of the outbreak, on August 18, 1862, the peaceful white settlers of the Minnesota Valley were going about their farm work, never dreaming of trouble with the Indians. The first notice that some of them had was the Indian war whoop and the sound of guns. Men were shot down as they worked unarmed in the hayfields; women and children were



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE STORIES
OF THE SIOUX UPRISING

killed or taken captive as they worked around the house.

There were no telegraphs or telephones in the Minnesota Valley — no way to warn the settlers except by word of mouth. Those who managed to escape the first attack of the Indians ran to warn their friends and neighbors. A few settlers were told by friendly Indians that they must flee.

The settlers who heard of the outbreak started immediately for the nearest place of safety — Fort Ridgely or New Ulm or St. Peter. Leaving crops and barns and houses to the savages, they harnessed their horses and put their families and a few things they cared most about into the wagons. Then they went away as fast as they could. Many of the families were surrounded and killed on the prairie, before they could get to safety.

Meanwhile settlers who escaped took the news of the outbreak to Fort Ridgely. A band of soldiers left the fort and marched up to the Redwood agency. At the ferry across the Minnesota the Indians attacked them and killed about half of them. The rest escaped to the fort.

More soldiers arrived at Fort Ridgely the next day; and on August 20, when the Sioux attacked the fort, the soldiers held them off. Two days later the Indians once more charged the fort. But again they broke and

From a painting by Anton Gag. Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

An artist's idea of the fight at New Ulm.

ran from the cannon fire. This time they gave up and went away.

New Ulm was the other place that the Indians besieged. On August 19, a small party made the first attack. Four days later a band of at least 500 Indians attacked again. About 250 citizens of New Ulm and volunteers from near by defended the town. They put up barriers across the streets in the center of town and kept the women and children in the fort thus made. Some of the men stayed there, and others were posted in houses outside the barriers, to shoot at the Indians as they rushed into town. Thus the whites were able to hold the Indians back, and by nightfall the savages gave up the attack.

On August 19, the news of the Indian outbreak reached Governor Ramsey in St. Paul. He immediately went to Mendota and urged his friend Sibley to take command of troops to put down the outbreak. Some soldiers who had been at Fort Snelling expecting to go to the battlefields in the South were sent with Sibley up the Minnesota Valley. A week later the first of them marched into Fort Ridgely.

The refugees at Fort Ridgely begged Sibley to send out a party to bury their dead friends and relatives. This he did, putting Major Joseph R. Brown in command. On the morning of September 2, Major Brown's force was attacked where it lay in camp near Birch

Coulee. For thirty hours the Indians besieged the little camp while the whites fought without food or water. At last Sibley arrived with reinforcements, scattered the Indians, and rescued the detachment.

The troops then retired to Fort Ridgely, where they waited for supplies, ammunition, and more soldiers. Finally they marched up the river again, and on September 20 they met and defeated the Sioux at the battle of Wood Lake. This was the end of the Sioux outbreak.

The stories that follow are about the experiences of some of the settlers during this trying time.

THE STORY OF MARY SCHWANDT

MARY Schwandt was a girl fourteen years old at the time of the Sioux uprising. She had come with her parents from Germany, and the family had settled in the Minnesota Valley in the spring of 1862. Her mother and older sister did the housework at her home; so she went to help with the work at the house of a Mr. Reynolds, who lived near where the Redwood River runs into the Minnesota. There were two other girls there — Mary Anderson, a young Swedish girl, and Mattie Williams, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds. Mary Schwandt was very happy there with these two girls as friends.

While they were eating breakfast on the morning of August 18, a half-breed ran in to tell them that the Indians were murdering the whites at the agency ten miles away. All the people at the house prepared immediately to go away. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and their two children drove in a buggy; the three girls went in a wagon with a trader and two other white men; and the hired man started off on foot down the river.

The hired man reached Fort Ridgely safely, and so did Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds. Unluckily, the people in

the wagon took a different route and made for New Ulm. When they were only eight miles away from the town they met fifty Indians on horseback. Two of the Indians dashed up and ordered the wagon to halt. Then they shot and killed the driver. The girls and the other men jumped out and started to run. The Indians killed the two men and wounded Mary Anderson as they pursued her. Finally they caught all three of the girls. They took the captives to the house of Chief Wacouta, in his village half a mile below the agency.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Mary Schwandt. This picture was taken about four years after the Sioux outbreak.

Wacouta was an Indian who had been against the uprising. When it was begun, however, he had to go into it or lose his chieftainship. Still he tried to protect the prisoners as well as he could. He put them in his house and kept the other Indians away. He tried to take the rifle ball out of Mary Anderson's wound and he and she between them finally

did get it out. But he and the rest of the prisoners knew that the wound was fatal and Mary would die.

Three days later the prisoners were taken to Little Crow's village, two miles above the agency. Here Mary Anderson died and was buried. At Little Crow's village Mary Schwandt saw among the plunder of the Indians some of her father's cattle and household goods. So she knew that the Indians had attacked her family, and she feared that they had all been killed. This made her very miserable and unhappy. She did not care much whether she lived or died.

At this time an old squaw named Barleycorn saw how unhappy Mary was, and she became sorry for the girl. She bought Mary from the Indian who claimed her, giving him a pony in payment. Then she took Mary home to her lodge and gave the girl to her daughter Snana, or Gray Cloud.

Moccasins.

Both Gray Cloud and her mother were Christian Indians and they were very kind to Mary Schwandt. Gray Cloud wanted Mary to take the place of a daughter of hers who had died. She gave Mary Indian clothes and a clean white blanket, and she embroidered for her a beautiful pair of white moccasins. When the white girl put these on and began calling Gray Cloud and her husband "mother" and "father" they felt that she had been adopted into the tribe.

But there were times when the Indians threatened to kill all the white prisoners in camp. Then Gray Cloud and Barleycorn hid Mary in a corner of the tepee, piling buffalo robes and blankets over her. If anyone asked where she was, they said that she had run away.

Courtesy of Museum of the American Indian
A Sioux girl's dress.

The Indians stayed at Little Crow's village about a week and then they went on up the Minnesota. They moved camp often because there were many alarms and reports that the white soldiers were coming. Whenever Gray Cloud thought that the whites were coming she took off Mary's Indian clothes and dressed her in the clothes she had worn when captured. If the soldiers came, she wanted them to recognize Mary as a white girl.

Finally, after the battle of Wood Lake, the Indians who had been opposed to the outbreak took most of the white captives and waited in camp for Sibley's troops to come. Many of the other Indians fled to the west or to Canada. On September 26, Sibley and his officers entered the camp. The Indians turned over to him the white prisoners, with Mary Schwandt and Mattie Williams among them.

Mary was taken by the soldiers to Fort Ridgely and then to St. Peter. When she got there she learned what had happened to her family. The Indians had killed all but her ten-year-old brother August. His head had been gashed with a tomahawk, and the Indians had thought he was dead. After they left he came to his senses, and finally he made his way to Fort Ridgely.

Soon after Mary reached St. Peter she was sent to relatives in Wisconsin, and there she met her brother August. It made the orphans sad to think that their parents and sister and brothers had been killed. But they were somewhat comforted because they were together again and had escaped from the Indians.

A GOOD INDIAN

LORENZO Lawrence, or Towanetaton, was a Christian and civilized Indian who lived in a house on the Yellow Medicine agency. He was opposed to the outbreak and would not join with the other Indians. But of course there was nothing he could do to stop the uprising. He stayed quietly at home with his family — his mother, wife, and son.

After the failure to capture New Ulm and Fort Ridgely the Indians began their retreat up the river, and one night their camp was only about three miles distant from Lorenzo's house. That night a half-breed relative of Lorenzo's came to his house, bringing a Mrs. De Camp and her three children. They had been prisoners of the Sioux and had escaped with the half-breed. Lorenzo's mother gave the refugees the first good meal they had had for weeks, and after that they spent the night comfortably.

In the morning they heard that the Indians were going to go to the mission station to try to persuade the Christian Indians there to join with them. So Lorenzo's family and Mrs. De Camp started on to get

there ahead of them. They thought that they would be safer with the other Christians. At the mission they found a half-breed, Joseph Renville, in charge. The missionary, Dr. Riggs, and his family had fled some time before.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Refugees from the Indian outbreak eating their dinner on the prairie.

Lorenzo and another Indian, called Simon, were elders in the church. Knowing that the hostile Indians were coming, they took down the church bell and buried it; and they took out the books from the library and buried them in a large hole lined with blankets. It was well that they did this, for when the hostile Indians came they immediately set fire to the mission buildings.

Three days later the Indians decided to move on toward the Red River, as they knew the white soldiers would be following them. All this time Lorenzo had kept the De Camp family hidden in his tent. That night at midnight he awoke Mrs. De Camp and said to her, "If you want to escape, now is the time."

He and his wife and child were going to go to the whites rather than flee westward with their tribe. He begged his mother to go too, but she replied, "I am an aged tree and the branches are all cut off. I will die among my people."

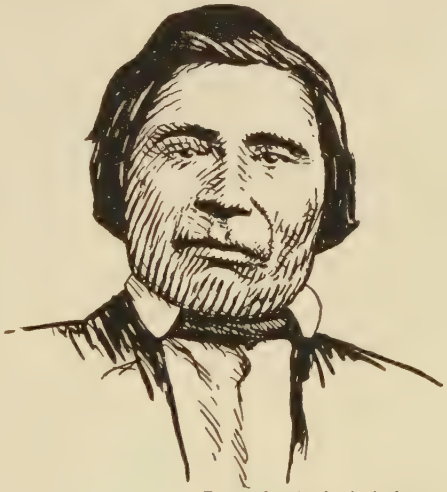
One by one the refugees crept out of the tent, and in single file they followed Lorenzo. He told them to walk carefully and not to step on the rotten fallen logs or anywhere where their feet would leave a mark. Every little while he went back and straightened out the vines and grass where they had passed, so that there would be no trail for the Indians to follow.

In this way they went along until they came to a slough near the river. He led them into the slough and broke down some of the tall reeds to make a place where they could sit. All that day they sat in the swamp, wet and uncomfortable.

Lorenzo went off early in the morning to scout around the Indian camp. He tied prairie grass and flowers on his head and body and set off crawling along the ground. From a little distance he looked just like a part of the

prairie. No one would have guessed that a man was there.

Just at dusk he came into the slough with two prairie chickens he had caught. He had been to the camp and found it deserted. The Indians had shot his tent full of holes and had left it standing with a message that if they caught Lorenzo they would shoot as many holes in him as there were in the tent.



From a drawing by A. Anderson. Courtesy of Hubbard Milling Co.

John Other Day. He, like Lorenzo, was a friendly Indian. It was he who guided to safety the people in the picture on page 211.

When it was fully dark Lorenzo led the party out of the slough to a clump of woods, where they lay down and tried to sleep. But they were wet and cold and unprotected from the mosquitoes; so they did not sleep much.

The next morning they went down to the river. Here they had a good drink at last. They had not dared to drink the water in the slough, and there was no water in the woods. Lorenzo's wife cooked the little

prairie chickens for breakfast. They tasted very good, but there was hardly enough to feed three grown-ups and four children.

Lorenzo had hidden a boat and a dugout in the reeds by the river. They waited all day near these boats and at night started down the river. Lorenzo rowed his family and one of the De Camp boys in the boat, and Mrs. De Camp and her two other children went in the dugout. Pretty soon it began to rain so hard that they could not go on. So they went ashore and lay down in the rain for the rest of the night.

In the morning they looked across the river and saw a woman and five children running over the prairie toward the stream. Lorenzo rowed over to the other side and brought them back. They had run away from the Indians during the night. They were the wife and children of a man named Robideaux, a half-breed who was a soldier at Fort Ridgely. Lorenzo said that he had seen a canoe a little distance upstream, and he went back and brought it down for Mrs. Robideaux and her children. Then they started off together.

In the afternoon they heard a cowbell, and Lorenzo stopped and took his gun and crept off to see if there were Indians around. A little later the women heard nine shots fired. They were afraid Lorenzo had been killed, but soon he came back with a quarter of beef

over his shoulder. The shots they had heard were fired by Lorenzo at the cow.

The hungry travelers fell on the meat eagerly. They sliced pieces off and cooked them on sticks over a fire — then they ate them in their fingers. When they had eaten all they wanted they lay down to sleep. The next day they sliced the rest of the meat very thin and dried it to take along with them.

They put the meat into another canoe that Lorenzo found. Lorenzo's boy was to paddle this canoe, with Mrs. De Camp's oldest boy in it, too. They started out in the afternoon. About nine o'clock in the evening the rain began again. Lorenzo warned them all to be very quiet, as they were getting near the lower agency and he feared there might be hostile Indians around.

Suddenly Mrs. De Camp heard a splash behind her and realized that the canoe holding the two boys was overturned. Her own boy, she knew, could not swim. Without a thought that hostile Indians might hear, she shouted for Lorenzo and kept on calling until he came back. The Indian boy was sitting in the water, on the roots of the fallen tree that had upset his canoe. They paddled frantically around hunting for the De Camp boy, until finally Lorenzo's wife grabbed him by the hair as he came to the surface. He was unconscious, but they landed and worked over him until they got the

water out of his lungs and he came to. All the meat was lost with the canoe, but Mrs. De Camp was so glad that her son was alive that she did not mind the loss.

So they continued down the river, traveling mostly at night; and just a week after they had left the Indian camp they heard a gun and a bugle call from Fort Ridgely. It was evening and it was again raining, but Lorenzo would not go up to the fort that night. He knew that he was in danger of being shot on sight. He was an Indian, and the soldiers just then were not expecting any Indians except hostile ones.

But in the morning he left his wife and Mrs. Robideaux with their children at the river's edge, and he walked up to the fort with Mrs. De Camp and her boys, carrying her youngest child in his arms.

The soldiers recognized the white woman and did not fire on the Indian who came carrying a white boy in his arms. After things had been explained, Lorenzo went back and brought in the rest of the refugees.

There were other Indians besides Lorenzo who remained friendly to the whites during the uprising and helped them to escape. These friendly Indians were of course very few compared to the numbers of the hostile ones, but it is pleasant to think about them in contrast to the savages who were murdering and robbing the white men.

A FRONTIER HEROINE

AT the time of the Sioux outbreak there lived in a log cabin near a lake in Kandiyohi County a Norwegian family named Endreson. There were Lars and Guri Endreson, the father and mother, and their three daughters and two sons. Solomon Lake, by which they lived, is about six miles northwest of the present city of Willmar. It was then almost out to the edge of the white settlement. There were only a few log cabins farther west than Lars Endreson's.

The settlers of Kandiyohi County, mostly Swedes and Norwegians, did not hear immediately of the Indian outbreak in the Minnesota Valley. The people who fled from the Indians went east down the valley and not north; so the settlers north of the valley were not warned by the refugees. When they saw a band of Indians coming toward them they thought it was just a hunting party. Not until the Indians began to shoot did the settlers have any idea that they were hostile. So the Indians had an easy time of it, riding from cabin to cabin and shooting down all the people they could.

When the Indians came to the Endreson cabin they killed Lars Endreson and his son Endre, and wounded

his son Ole so badly that they thought they had killed him. The two oldest daughters they took prisoner. Mrs. Guri Endreson and her little daughter Anna hid in an outdoor cellar when the Indians began to shoot, and they were not discovered.

Courtesy of Museum of Natural History

Before Indians learned to use words in their writing, they wrote with pictures. Here are two drawings from a Sioux chronicle. The scrawl above the horse's head is smoke. After reading the story, perhaps you can guess what these pictures were meant to represent.

When Guri Endreson was sure that the Indians had left, she made her way to the cabin. There lay her husband and sons, all, she supposed, dead. She put pillows under their heads and covered them with blan-

kets. Then, taking Anna with her, she started out for a settlement on Eagle Lake, about six miles to the east.

But somehow or other she lost her way. She and Anna spent the night in the open, sleeping on the ground; and then in the morning they made their way back to their cabin. When they went in, they found young Ole Endreson getting his breakfast. He had been wounded severely in the shoulder and left for dead. When he came to, he found the dead bodies of his father and brother, and he supposed that his mother and sisters had been carried off or killed. He was getting ready to leave for Wisconsin, where he knew he had an uncle.

He and his mother now went out on the prairie to see if they could find any horses. The Indians had killed or driven off most of their stock, but they found a young ox of theirs and one belonging to a neighbor. These animals they hitched to a sled on which they put a few household goods. Then they drove off toward the cabin of Oscar Erickson on the other side of Solomon Lake. Erickson was married to another daughter of Guri Endreson.

The young oxen had never been harnessed before and they would not pull together, but they did somehow get the sled around to the other side of the lake. When the travelers were about half a mile from Erickson's cabin they stopped the sled and the boy Ole went on

ahead to scout around the place. There were no horses or cattle to be seen about the cabin. A haystack that had stood near by had been burned up. In the dooryard was a wagon, but it was not Erickson's wagon. Ole crept up near the cabin and heard someone groaning inside. He was sure that it was not his brother-in-law, and he feared that it was an Indian.

He went back to his mother and told her what he had discovered. Together they went around to several of the near-by cabins but found no one. Apparently everyone had left the region in fright.

The next morning Ole went again to scout around the Erickson cabin. All was the same as it had been the day before. Ole crept up to the cabin and looked in through a chink. A man called out, and he rushed back toward the woods. But then the man called again, and he knew the voice to be Oscar Erickson's. He went back, and Erickson told him how to get into the cabin by a cellar door outside and a trapdoor within.

When he got inside, he found a man named Solomon Foot on the floor of the cabin. He was badly wounded, but he lay with his gun pointed at the door, ready to kill the first Indian who entered. Upstairs in the loft lay Oscar Erickson, wounded in the leg and unable to walk. Both men were weak from hunger and loss of blood.

They told Ole how they had been attacked by Indians three days before. Two men who were with them had been killed and these two had been wounded. Mr. Foot's wife had also been slightly wounded. But the two injured men had fought so bravely that the Indians had given up the idea of taking the cabin. After the Indians had gone away, the men had sent their wives and children to Green Lake, to get help for the men if possible and at any rate to save themselves. They did not know, of course, whether the women had got through or had fallen victim to the Indians.

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

Cut-Nose, one of the fiercest of the Indian leaders in the Sioux uprising.

Ole quickly hurried back and brought his mother and sister to the cabin. Guri Endreson then took charge of affairs. She gave the wounded men water and washed and dressed their wounds. She prepared some food, too, which Erickson was able to eat. Foot was so badly wounded that he could not eat.

All were agreed that they should not stay where they were. The chances of help reaching them were very slight, as apparently all the people who had not been killed had fled from the county. So they hitched the oxen to the wagon and prepared to leave. Guri Endreson put bedding in the wagon for the wounded men, and then she carried them out and lifted them into the cart. Ole's wounded shoulder prevented him from helping her with this heavy work.

Then they started for Forest City, about thirty miles away. Foot lay in the wagon with his rifle propped beside him, ready to fire at any sign of Indians. Guri Endreson and her son took turns leading the young oxen. That night they camped near the eastern edge of the county. The oxen needed food and rest, and the wounded men needed a night's sleep after the pain of the jolting wagon.

Next morning they started out again. They had not gone far when they came on the mangled bodies of two settlers who had been killed by Indians two days before. Shuddering at the thought that they might meet a similar fate, they still kept on at the slow pace of the plodding oxen.

At last towards evening they reached Forest City, in Meeker County. Here enough settlers had gathered to hold the town against Indian attack. At Forest City they found Oscar Erickson's wife and children safe ;

and soon afterwards Guri Endreson's other two daughters, who had escaped from the Indians, were brought into town by some men who had found them wandering around on the prairie. So the remnants of the shattered family were together once more.

In Vikor churchyard of Dovre Township, Kandiyohi County, there is a monument over the grave of this frontier heroine. The inscription on it reads like this:

GURI ENDRESON
1813–1881
ERECTED BY THE
STATE IN MEMORY
OF HER HEROIC DEEDS
DURING INDIAN
MASSACRE
1862

A GLANCE AT SIXTY YEARS

AFTER the battle of Wood Lake most of the Sioux Indians fled to the West. Some of those who surrendered or were captured were tried by a military court. Those who were proved to have killed helpless settlers were hanged, and others who had fought in the battles were kept in prison for a while. The reservations in Minnesota were taken away from the Sioux and the whole southern half of the state was cleared of Indians.

The last sixty years have seen great changes in Minnesota. After the scare caused by the outbreak had died down, and especially after the Civil War was over, settlers poured into the state again. The first railroad, between Minneapolis and St. Paul, was completed in 1862. Year by year other lines were built until now most of the state is covered by a network of railroads. To people who wanted to settle on the prairies away from the rivers these railroads were very important, for they hauled their crops to market.

Until 1870 nearly all the settlers lived in the southeastern part of the state, south of St. Cloud and east

of New Ulm. Soon after that date the southwestern part of the state began to fill up, and then settlers pushed north into the great Red River valley of the northwest. In the northeastern part of the state much

Courtesy of Sweet Studio

Minneapolis flour mills early in the twentieth century.

of the land is not suited to farming, and the number of settlers there is much smaller than in the other sections.

At first the principal crop raised by most farmers was wheat, and wheat is still the big crop in the Red River valley. In the southern part of the state, however, farmers began about 1880 to raise a good deal of corn,

and now corn is Minnesota's most valuable crop. Wheat growing spread farther west, however, into the Dakotas, Montana, and western Canada; and all these regions sent large quantities of grain to be ground into

A sawmill in Minneapolis. *Courtesy of Sweet Studio*

flour, along with the Minnesota grain, in the great mills which grew up in Minneapolis. This flour is eaten by children in most of the countries of the world. Many farmers have also been turning their attention to cattle-raising and dairying, with the result that more butter is made in Minnesota than in any other state.

The lumber industry of the state increased steadily up to about 1905. It has declined in recent years because a wasteful use of the forests has lessened the

Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society

An open pit iron mine at Hibbing. In this kind of mine the ore is dug out by steam shovels and loaded into railroad cars. Can you see them down at the bottom of the mine? When the trains have been loaded, the engines pull them up and around the terraces at the sides of the mine until they reach the top.

timber supply. But in the northern section of our state has been found another great natural resource — iron ore. Minnesota to-day produces more iron than all the rest of the United States.

Most of this ore is shipped in big steamers on the Great Lakes to be made into steel and other products in the East. A few years ago, however, a steel plant was built near Duluth, and it is likely that more and more of the iron ore will be used in Minnesota after this.

And as a result of these three basic industries of Minnesota — farming, lumbering, and mining — cities have grown up, with stores and banks and factories to supply the needs of the farmers and lumbermen and miners. It is a good thing for the city people to remember that in the long run their prosperity and success depend on the prosperity of the men who drive the plough and swing the ax and dig in the earth with steam shovels or pickaxes for the red iron ore.

There are many interesting stories that might be told of what has happened in the past sixty years. We hope that some time you will learn more about this later period in the history of our great state.

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